Vol CXXXII. No 1716

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THE BYSTANDER, OCTOBER 28, 1936.

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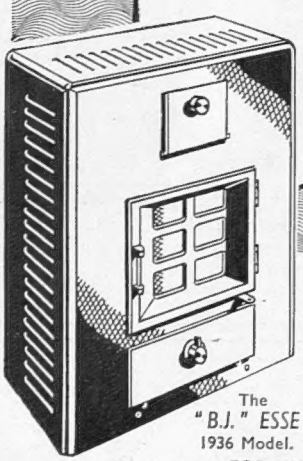

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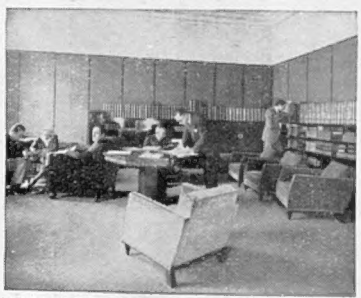

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The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THERE is one aspect of the Spanish struggle on which everyone, surely, must be agreed, and that is the ghastly threat to the hostages on both sides. A word to which the world became painfully accustomed between 1914 and 1918 was "reprisals," and in no part of a war, ancient or modern, is there a greater likelihood of reprisals than in the treatment of hostages. If one side commits an atrocity against a single one of these unfortunates, the other side is certain to reply against two, and the first will then reply against four. And so the wheel of massacre begins to turn faster and faster. Mr. Eden's appeal to both sides to exchange these unfortunate people was not a mere empty gesture. It was accompanied by the offer of the British Navy for their transport.

THE statement by Czecho-Slovakia's Foreign Minister that his country is determined to "maintain and intensify" her existing alliances, is of considerable importance. After the King of the Belgians had startlingly advocated the complete isolation of Belgium, the Little Entente began to get ideas into its head. "If not Belgium, why not us?" It is true that by isolation, the Little Entente would lose the alliance with France, but at the same time it would lose the embarrassing link with Soviet Russia that comes to them via the Franco-Soviet Treaty. It was freely reported that Jugo-Slavia and Rumania were anxiously considering the possibility of cutting loose. The firm words of the third partner in the Entente ought to make the other two think again.

GENERAL GÖRING has been given the job of carrying out the Nazi "Four-Year Plan," by which Germany is to be made self-sufficient in food and raw materials. It would seem at first sight to be an odd choice. The appointment of a crack flying "ace" over the head of the famous Dr. Schacht in economic and financial affairs is pretty queer, but it is Germany's business, not ours. No one will envy the redoubtable General in his task of co-ordination. Germany's food-situation alone is getting a desperate problem. The consumption of meat, bacon, margarine and cooking-oils, is actually 300,000 tons less than it was in Hitler's first year of office.

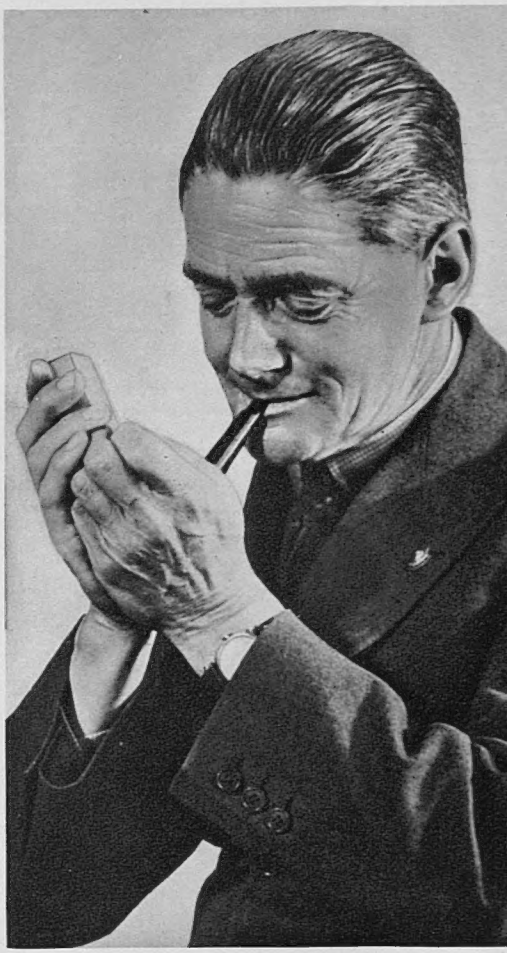
ON Friday we read Lord Nuffield's statement on the aero-engine dispute; "at an early opportunity," Lord Swinton will put forward his side of the story in the House of Lords. Until he has done so, all comment must be speculative. In the meantime we have had Lord Nuffield's sensational series of benefactions to talk about. His record of generosity, culminating in this last climax of nearly a million and a half pounds in a week, is positively amazing. It is on the level of the American millionaires in the palmy days of pre-depression. The reluctance of British millionaires to emulate their American rivals in the matter of charity has always been very noticeable. Let us hope that Lord Nuffield's shining example will induce a new frame of mind.

THE disappearance of Prince Stahremberg from the Austrian political scene is the most humiliating caper that any would-be dictator has yet cut in recent years. The Prince had a swashbuckling private army of his own, but when President Schusnigg ordered its disbandment, the dashing young leader of the swashbucklers could think of nothing else to say than, "Oh! all right." And forthwith the disbandment took place. There has been nothing like it since the mythical story which went round the drawing-rooms of Paris after Waterloo. "'The Guard dies but never surrenders,' were the last words spoken by the Guard commander before he surrendered."

SINCE November 11, 1918, a remarkable number of theories have been advanced to account for the German defeat. Almost every interested party has put forward its pet notion. Thus big-ship sailors will claim the credit for the Grand Fleet, small-ship sailors for the destroyers, motor-boats, Q-ships, etc.; Frenchmen for Foch, Americans for America, and so on, while the German historians are apt to deny that there was a defeat at all. Now comes one of the most remarkable things of all. Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter, at the annual conference of the Wine and Food Society, is reported to have said: "The Germans owe their defeat very largely to the fact that they believed the teaching of one food expert who said that they could not digest bran or the harder part of bread, and so they threw away all that." Some day, I think I shall write a sensationally revolutionary book to prove that Germany lost the war because the German armies were defeated by the British and French armies. But no one will believe it.

Privy Councillor Dances

The Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, "dictator" of the L.C.C., was photographed at the tenth annual motor ball at the Opera House, Covent Garden. He is dancing with Mrs. Morrison



News-Maker

Lord Nuffield never does anything by halves. When he's in the news he's a "headline man," whether the topic is a share issue that has excited the Stock Exchange to fainting-point, a million-pound donation to charity, or a high-policy controversy with the Air Ministry

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S third volume of his Life of the Duke of Marlborough has just been published, and it takes the story up to and including Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Wynendael. As a record of unfaltering military brilliance, Marlborough's career, of course, stands alone. But even more impressive, under Mr. Churchill's treatment, is his astonishing patience, dignity, and good-humour in incredibly trying circumstances. As a diplomat, Marlborough was as successful as a soldier. I need hardly add that Mr. Churchill writes with all his familiar fire and eloquence.

IS the dreadful Lindbergh case never to end? Its echoes go on reverberating and repeating themselves. The latest development is the Federal indictment of the detective who is said to have kidnapped a lawyer and tried to

make him confess that he was the criminal. If the proceedings go in anything like the usual American way, the trial will be a long-drawn and horrible affair, and the subsequent appeal, if there is one, will be a long-drawn and horrible affair.

I SINCERELY hope that the National Trust will secure the new powers it wants in the next session of Parliament. It is especially anxious to be able to become trustees for historical country-houses which owners might hand over for national preservation. La Domaine Historique in France has done a great deal on this sort of line for the preservation of famous private houses and châteaux. In these days, when the craze for speed and for vast racing-tracks across the country is too often allowed to smash gems of English beauty, the work of the National Trust is of very great importance.

EVERYONE speaks enthusiastically of Mr. A. P. Herbert's suggestion for a River Pageant during the Coronation festivities. But that seems to be just as far as the idea gets. Nothing, so far as I know, has been done about it. The bureaucrats, who probably dislike Mr. Herbert as heartily as any man alive for his incessant efforts to make them get a move on about all kinds of things, are naturally going to sit as tight as they can. And who in the world can sit more tightly ?

I WONDER why the Scottish Universities manage to invest their Rectorial elections with so much more fun than the English do with their sober Vice-Chancellor affairs. St. Andrews, for instance, used to elect people like Sir James Barrie and the great Dr. Nansen. Glasgow has had Mr. Compton Mackenzie, and now Aberdeen is to choose between Mr. Duff Cooper and Mr. Eric Linklater. The latter is presumably standing as a Scottish Nationalist, and I fancy he may win. The youth of Scotland is pretty enterprising, and even Mr. Cooper's whole-hearted swipes at Anglican bishops may not obscure the fact that he is a member of a pretty Conservative-minded Cabinet.

Honeymoon Faces

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Crocker left for Hollywood by the Ile de France last week after their wedding at St. Donat's, William Randolph Hearst's Welsh castle. Harry Crocker is Mr. Hearst's secretary, and his wife is Elizabeth Jenns, the film actress

THAT Mrs. Amy Mollison should have crashed her aeroplane and broken her charming nose is more than a mere accident. It is a blow at an Accepted Institution. Countless millions have come to believe that Mr. and Mrs. Mollison, Miss Batten, and Colonel Lindbergh are superhuman creatures, to whom an accident is an impossibility. The bottom has suddenly fallen out of their world. These are but fallible mortals after all. Now we shall tremblingly await the news that Bobby Jones has holed a golf-course in 110 strokes, that Toscanini has mistaken a violin for a 'cello, that Sir Malcolm Campbell has forgotten to put oil in his engine, and that Lovelock has miscounted the number of laps in a mile race.

THE squash-racket tournament for the Bath Club Cup has begun again, and it was right and fitting that one of the players in the first match should have been the greatest of them all—Amr Bey, Open Champion and Amateur Champion. A match between him and Dear, the professional at Prince's Club, is a sight that is always worth watching. It is possible in squash-rackets to hamper and obstruct your opponent by getting in his way without actually infringing the laws. When Amr Bey plays Dear, you do not know whether to marvel most at their astounding strokes, or at the graceful swiftness with which they invariably get out of each other's way. When they are playing, a " let " is practically unheard of.

AMATEUR sport is still dullish, as the stockbrokers are always saying, for some reason, about Kaffirs. The University golfers are getting under way, and so are the rugger players. Fred Perry is reported to have settled down in California, and Borotra, that mercurial Basque, has been beaten in the covered courts, and the M.C.C. have knocked Clarry Grimmett all over the field Otherwise, all quiet.

Critic and Actor Take a View of Each Other

Hannen Swaffer and Herbert Marshall held this conversation at the Press reception Herbert Marshall held at the Dorchester just after he 'd arrived back in London from Hollywood. He is over here until November 11th, when he goes back to start work under his new £1000 a week contract

A Flag for Edward G. Robinson

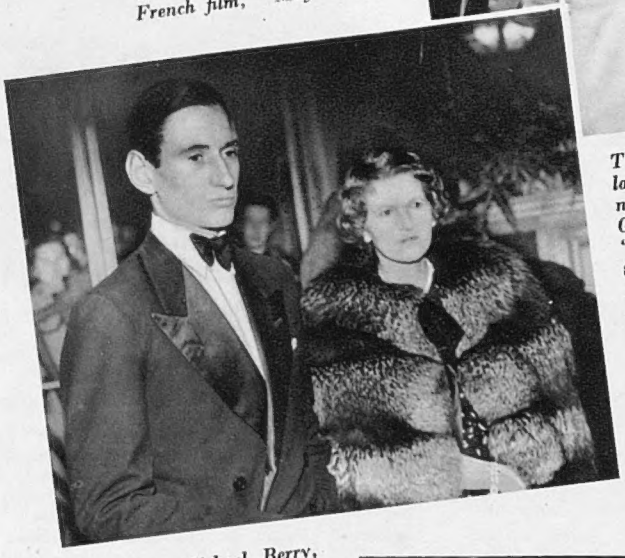
Right : Miss Averil Loyd sold film star Edward G. Robinson his Sea Cadets' flag on Trafalgar Day. She had a Park Lane beat which included the Dorchester clientèle and a very small boy as her assistant

Night Life

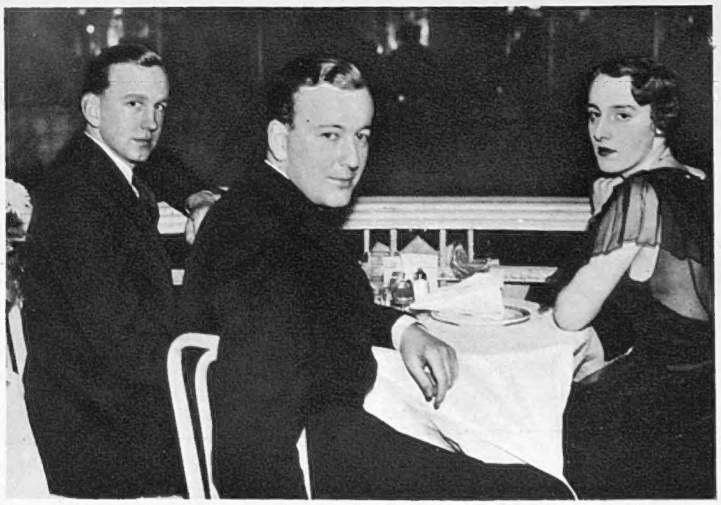
Cinemas and Supper Parties

Lady Anne Bridgeman wore lilies and orchids with her "Romeo and Juliet" cloak at the Curzon premiere of the French film, "Mayerling"

The other big premiere last week was the newest Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers musical, "Swing Time," at the Regal. Lady Plunket was there with Mr. Jim Lawrence



The Hon. Michael Berry, second of Lord Camrose's four sons, was at the "Swing Time" premiere with Mrs. John Musker



Top: supper — Lord Anson and Miss Anne Bowes-Lyon. He is Lord Lichfield's heir and in the Grenadier Guards

Middle: "Swing Time" premiere — Mr. and Mrs. Michael Arlen came together

Bottom: "Swing Time" premiere—Mr. and Mrs. John Loder arrived smiling. They were married in June—she was Micheline Cheirel

Right: John Smiley (centre) took his younger brother, David, and his finacée, Lady Cecilia Wellesley, to supper

Irish Wedding

The Marquess of Kildare, the Duke of Leinster's only son, and Joane McMorrough Kavanagh, eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. McMorrough Kavanagh, of Borris House, Co. Carlow, were married from the bride's home

Devon Wedding

The Earl of Devon accompanied his eldest sister, Lady Evelyn Courtenay, to St. Clement's, Powderham, for her wedding to Mr. Thomas Anstey, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Anstey, of Exeter; Lady Evelyn Courtenay is the late Lord Devon and Lady Devon's daughter

London Wedding

Anthony Crisp Stocker, 13th/18th Hussars, and Peta Davis were married last week at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street. He is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Stocker, of Craigweil Lodge, Aldwick, Sussex, and she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Davis, of 20, Cadogan Place, S.W.1

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

MR. ANTHONY EDEN found the one seat where he could dine in comfort without being of embarrassing interest to the rest of the world at Quaglino's the other evening.

He sat next to the door leading down to the gay little dancing grill below, and was practically hidden from view by a jutting-out wall. In the same party were Mrs. Eden, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hopkinson, and the Michael Arlens, who are out and about a lot just now. Mr. Arlen is a lucky as well as a very clever man. How many people of his age have made enough to sit back and only write when they feel like it? The profits from his comparatively few books were so cleverly invested that he has practically retired while he is still young, and why not? Only his readers suffer, waiting in vain for another *Green Hat* or *Lily Christine* to laugh and cry over.

A Kipper and a Glass of Beer

A LONG-FELT want seems almost within our grasp at last. In Luigi's new grill there lies the possibility of a Savoy grillroom atmosphere in another part of the West End.

That peaceful, conversational meal after a cinema or a theatre, that as often as not consists of a kipper and a glass of beer, is so enjoyable. In such a mood, a band even within earshot is a bore, and we may be too tired to be bothered to try to care whether people are dressed or not or who is out with whom.

A smattering of stage and film stars usually make these places, and we saw more than a smattering at Luigi's last week: even Marlene Dietrich, accompanied by Douglas Fairbanks fils, and she has been seen in very few restaurants, although many small private parties have been given for her.

A Dazzling Result

SHOOTING parties are the order of the day, and make enjoyable week-ends even for the non-shooters, who may be allowed to follow the guns and eat delicious Irish stew and hot-pot wherever they picnic for luncheon.

At Hyde Hall, Sawbridgeworth, last week-end, Sir Walter Lawrence entertained a party which included Lord and Lady Plunket, Mrs. Drury, Lord Cullen of Ashbourne, and Commander Hussey.

Miss Gipsy Lawrence, that charming brunette who doesn't seem to appreciate London life as much as we should like, and Sir Walter's three sons were all there. They had an excellent day's sport on Saturday, despite a seventy-mile-an-hour gale.

Lady Plunket, in a chocolate suède coat and a plaid woollen scarf, came in hatless and wind-blown after a long walk across country, and reappeared later in the most entrancing dinner-dress we ever laid eyes on. It was made of rose and gold shot crinkled lamé, with a shirt-blouse top, very perked-up shoulders, a hobble skirt slit up the front, and a wide hem of silver fox. Add diamond earrings, clips and bracelets, and imagine the utterly dazzling result.

Tunbridge

Mrs. D'Arcy Stephens

Is one of the Vice-Chairmen of the Ivory Cross Ball which is being held on November 18th at Grosvenor House in aid of the National Dental Aid Fund. Mrs. Stephens is the eldest daughter of Sir Harry and Lady McGowan

In Grape-Purple Tulle

ELIZABETH JENNS, whose romantic wedding from St. Donat's, Mr. Hearst's Welsh "ranch," took place on Saturday, was the most beautiful girl at the Cunningham-Reid cinema and cabaret party the other night.

She is pale and fragile looking, with enormous eyes and an entrancing smile. Her dress of grape-purple tulle had clusters of deeper velvet roses on the skirt and shoulder.

Her honeymoon seemed likely to be one of the shortest on record, as she sailed for Hollywood on Wednesday, and her husband, Harry Crocker, a big noise in the Hearst household, did not

Engaged Couple

Sir D'Arcy Waechter and Miss Guinevere Grant announced their engagement last week. He is twenty-four and the son of the late Sir Harry Waechter, Bt., and she is twenty, and the younger daughter of Sir Hamilton and Lady Grant, of 59, Onslow Square, S.W.7

Miss Juliet McLeod

Another engagement is Juliet McLeod's to Paul Boggis-Rolse, son of Mr. and Mrs. Boggis-Rolse, of 54, Sloane Street, S W.1. She is the daughter of Mrs. Norman McLeod, of 67, Chesterfield House, W.1, and a niece of the late Sir Charles McLeod. Both her father and uncle were leading men in the Scottish business world of Calcutta and members of the Calcutta Jock Club

Another Engaged Couple

Miss Nerina Elizabeth Shute and Mr. James Wentworth Day announced their engagement last Monday week. She is the daughter of Major Cameron Shute and Mrs. Clyde Sellars, and he is the Editor of the "Sporting and Dramatic," the author of a biography of the late King, and a number of other books, and the son of the late J. T. Wentworth Day and Mrs. Day, of Wicken, Cambridgeshire

expect to be able to accompany her; however, he made it after all, and they sailed together on the Ile de France.

Westminster or California?

A BORN host or hostess is an expression with a very real meaning, and Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Toye are two people who should certainly be included in the category.

When they gave a house-warming Sunday-night-party at Volta House, Hampstead, they had a perpetual buffet supper the entire evening, and the most delicious hot dishes such as kedjeree and the popular corn-beef hash.

Segovia, the great guitarist, entertained us upstairs, and people arrived from nine o'clock onwards.

Miss Constance Collier held her usual court in a corner; Lady Carisbrooke and Lady Headfort discussed their golf at a small supper table; and Mrs. Richard Hart Davis was by far the most beautiful girl in the room.

Young Lady Assheton-Smith in a dress of dark blue glittering sequins, was trying to make up her mind whether to take a flat in Westminster Gardens or go to California for the winter; Tullio Carminati, the Italian film star, told us that his new film, *The Three Maxims*, starts on November 27th.

A Mews in the Sky

LONDON sees little of Lord and Lady Oranmore and Browne these days. After a long sojourn in Scotland, they appeared for a few days last week, but have now vanished again to Ireland.

While they were here, they stayed in their all-pink mews flat that nestles among the roof-tops near the Marble Arch, and gave a cocktail-party on Wednesday.

We encountered Lady Oranmore and Browne, at Mrs. Nick Prinsep's one day, wearing a little joke hat that no one a day older or less pretty could have attempted to wear: a tiny, really "royal" crown, but made of black patent leather, perched on top of a muffin-like brim of black felt!

Attractively Remote

MRS. BARNATO, who was also there that day, is one of the most attractive young women in London. Exquisitely slim, and with lovely feet and ankles, she has a soft little voice and a flashing smile of immense charm. "Jackie," as she is known to her many friends, has an attractively remote personality, and you never feel you know her well enough or as much as you would like to. She has two sons, delicious clothes and very enviable jewellery.

Perhaps It's as Well

PERHAPS it is as well for the debs, sub-, ex-, and present, that Miss Florrie Owen does not live here all the year round. She paid a flying visit last week, staying with the Charles Gerrards in London, and at Lord Beaverbrook's country house for the week-end.

We found her sipping a tomato-juice cocktail at the Ritz one morning, in a ridiculously becoming hat, short mink cape, and grey-blue dress.

Why should it be as well that she lives in Paris and not here? Because she is so pretty, witty and nice that those other debs of past, present and future seasons would certainly have some of their young noses put out of joint if she were here more often.

She enjoys everything, has charming manners and a grand sense of humour. All this in addition to devastating good looks and chic.

Oysters in Peace

LAP-DOGS are a difficult enough problem in London, but Miss Luli Deste's Afghan, although a gentle creature, nearly reduced the new little film star to a state of acute starvation the other evening.

He was too big for the cloakroom at Prunier's, and we found him and his mistress standing disconsolately in St. James's Street wondering where to go and what to do.

We finally parked him for her conveniently in a nearby flat, while she ate her oysters in peace.

It was also at Prunier's that we saw Mrs. Barbara Walsh, just back from one of her many New York visits and contemplating now, we hear, a winter in Honolulu.

MISS PEEPS

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Scott

He Sometimes Leaves Home for a 5000-Mile Flight

Charles Scott, who, with Giles Guthrie, not only won the Empire air race to Johannesburg but flew the only 'plane which "didn't come home in a packing-case," has had a career of long hops. When he discarded his Westminster School top-hat he took on, in 1922, the smoke-grey uniform of the R.A.F.; while in the Force he went out to Australia in 1927, also became R.A.F. heavyweight champion. He retired in 1931 and in April of that year flew over to Australia again, solo, in 9 days, 3 hours, 40 mins., then came back in 10 days and 23 hours; both flights broke Kingsford Smith's records and put Scott's name large across both hemispheres. Next year he broke the record again and in '34, with Campbell Black, set up a new two-man record in 2 days, 22 hours, 54 mins. Mrs. Scott was Miss Greta Bremner before her marriage on the eighteenth of last month; she is the twenty-three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. L. Bremner, of Australia

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of

Celebrities in Cameo

No. 44

Aldous Huxley

IT is positively extraordinary how many young people have been diverted to fame from a possibly mediocre career by some youthful malady. Gerald Brockhurst might never have become the highest-paid painter in the world had it not been for his early deafness; Marlene Dietrich's sprained tendon set her on the escalator of film stardom; Aldous Huxley would never have been an author if his eyesight had not given way when he was still at Eton. This misfortune became so acute that he actually had to learn Braille and needed a guide when he went out of doors. Until then he had been intended for medicine or biology, but it was evident that he would never be able to use a microscope. Even to-day he has to ration his reading. His eyesight improved enough meantime for him to become a Commoner at Balliol, and while he was still an undergraduate he published his first "slim volume" of verse entitled *The Turning Wheel*. Since then he has written a number of books. Of these *Limbo*, *Point*, *Counterpoint*, and *Brave New World* (which is now being made into a super film by R.K.O.), are the best known.

ALDOUS HUXLEY is six foot five but only weighs eleven stone three, his build being as meagre as his prose is brilliant. He writes on a typewriter which, owing to his youthful training, he can use in the dark.

Six hundred words is a normal day's output. This is the fruit of three hours work before lunch and two hours between tea and dinner.

Despite his eye trouble, Aldous Huxley never suffers from headaches. His hobby is painting in oils, though he has not yet exhibited. He regards a painter's life as the ideal one and the author's as squalid. He lives largely on salads. But though nourishing steaks are unknown to him, he is fond of claret; and to-day at the age of forty-two he has not a white hair in his head.

Aldous abominates answering letters, any kind of business, lecturing, making speeches, and all kinds of card games. He likes the South of France, spinach, ping-pong, Tolstoi, and swimming; and Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart. He is self-analytical and also dislikes sentimental dogs, watering his flowers, and the telephone. Obsessions are Siamese cats, the works of Virginia Woolf, the Albany, and Flaubert. Aldous Huxley claims to be an agnostic but touches wood. Agnosticism and superstition being arch enemies—it makes it difficult for him to analyse himself satisfactorily. Buddhism and Spiritualism intrigue him. So do ghosts. The study of telepathy is another fad.

Aldous Huxley is a strangely likeable fellow. He considers that compared with the standard of skill now general at golf, the mental development of the general public is in an incredibly low state. He has a son aged twelve who invariably defeats him at chess; a charming, modulated voice; a very small attractive foreign wife; an almost complete imperviousness to noise; and a proper attitude towards punctuality. In conclusion, he reads French as easily as English, has taken a flat at Mount Royal, and likes the heat.

Charles Graves

The Theatre : By Herbert Farjeon

Adaptation With Respect

"Jane Eyre" (Queen's)

IF Charlotte Brontë had been a Victorian nonentity, if *Jane Eyre* had been a novel unknown to the present generation, and if Helen Jerome, the American authoress, stumbling by chance on the only extant copy, had decided that here was the very book to make a play, the resulting play would probably have differed considerably from that now to be seen at the Queen's Theatre.

Miss Jerome might, for example, have plumped wholeheartedly for Grand Guignolism, renaming her piece *The Woman in the West Wing*, and taking us, before the night was through, into the shuddersome West Wing itself. She might, preferring spectacular melodrama, have given her producer a chance to show what he could do with the great fire in which, while Rochester is being blinded by the flames, his maniacal wife is burnt to death. She might have turned the story into a stage tract on the cruelty of a social system which does not include insanity among the legal grounds for divorce.

Or she might even have produced a period burlesque of old-fashioned conventions, not the least notable being the rude interruption of wedding ceremonies by unexpected strangers who, having travelled immense distances at top speed, rush up the aisle just in time to proclaim that this marriage must not take place.

SINCE, however, *Jane Eyre* is one of the most famous novels in the English language, it would be courting disaster to take liberties. And since Miss Jerome (who also adapted *Pride and Prejudice*) is clearly a studious respecter of classical originals, what we get from her on the stage is something quite like what we get from Miss Brontë on the page. The moment the curtain rises on the Gothic library of Thornfield Hall, we feel that we are in safe hands. This play will be a faithful transcript rather than a bold creation. The spirit of Charlotte, no less than that of her characters, will pervade the brooding atmosphere. Whatever you think of the truth, the truth this is.

Mrs. Rochester : Dorothy Hamilton plays the madwoman

Sketches by Rouson

Miss Eyre : Curigwen Lewis plays demure Jane

Mr. Rochester : Reginald Tate plays the supercilious gentleman

MISS CURIGWEN LEWIS is the authentic Jane, facing all situations in her strange abode with upstanding circumspection and folded hands. Mr. Reginald Tate, if not quite heavy enough, outrages no preconceptions as the romantic and antagonistic Rochester—who, surely, must be a progenitor of the later heroes of Ethel M. Dell. The grimness of Miss Marriott-Watson as Grace Poole betters even the most hopeful expectations.

And when one of them remarks, " Who knows with what fate the next hour may be charged ? ", that is just what we feel and just the sort of language in which the quality of our feeling is best expressed.

FOR two acts *Jane Eyre* is entirely satisfactory. The last act sags badly, introducing new characters who assume an importance not commensurate with the time at their disposal. But on the whole we have enjoyed a very respectable and respectful evening.

Once or twice, it is true, I thought I caught Miss Jerome tripping. Did my ears deceive me, or did I hear Jane exclaim, " It must be *terribly* beautiful " ? And was it or was it not remarked a little later on of her and Rochester that " They both seem *marvellously* happy " ? These adverbs of enthusiasm strike the listener as anachronistically modern—but you never know. The latest slang is often the oldest. " O.K." was all the rage in the U.S.A. presidential campaign of 1828. We cannot, then, be positive that a few years later Charlotte and Emily and Anne did not sometimes let off steam up at Haworth with a " lousy," a " nuts," and a " ger-cher." They may even on occasion have been referred to by irreverent spirits in the village as a trio of " puce hags."

Vandamm, New York

"Victoria Regina" Still Fills a New York Theatre

Laurence Housman's *Victoria Regina*, composed of a series of incidents from the great Queen's life, has been running at the Broadhurst Theatre in New York since last Boxing Day and still plays to capacity. Helen Hayes acts superbly as Victoria (Housman said to her: "You were just like the Queen, God bless her!") and won the New York Drama League's medal for the season's most distinguished performance. Since the summer recess, when most New York theatres close, Abraham Sofaer has taken over George Zucco's rôle of Disraeli and made a brilliant success of it. The charming period settings by Rex Whistler add the final touch to a talented production. André Maurois is adapting *Victoria Regina* for performance in Paris, where Englishmen who want to see it will have to go; there is no hope of the ban being lifted here, and it has only been played privately at the Gate Theatre and Chesham Bois, with Pamela Stanley as the Queen

Spain

By Rudolph Mayer

A Café in Palma

Andalusian Trooper: Rebel Side

Murcian Peasant: Government Side

A Street Sweeper in Barcelona

SPAIN, romantic and cruel:
Land of dreams, serenades and siestas,
Olive groves and almonds and boiling hot sun,
And cafés and gipsies, goats, garlic,
"Corrida de Toros". . .
Land of proud poverty, hunger, and smells,
And rebellion, ruthless fratricide and destruction,
Terrible heroism, and the end of romance. . . .
Will to-morrow see another Spain?
Shorn of its traditional glamour,
Europeanised and standardised?
Good-bye, Spain. We loved you as you were.
We do not guess what the future holds for you.

A Peasant Near Alicante

Milk Delivery Near Seville

Tangiers—the Local Exchange

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

IN a speech the other day Sir John Simon denied that the Cabinet is approaching the matter of the Fascist-Communist clashes in the East End "in a somewhat leisurely spirit":

I am quite unable to say—I do not know at all—from what voracious chronicler this impression of slackness and want of energy, this leisurely spirit, is due. Anyhow, let me assure you that the impression is quite untrue.

One is tempted, after such a rebuke from such a high moral quarter, to substitute instantly a picture of dynamic force and relentless vigour. In the advertisement-pages of the cheaper American magazines—the ads. are so much more fascinating than the other fiction, don't you think?—you 'll invariably find one picture of a group of horribly keen flint-faced magnates under the sway of a young gentleman whose Magnetic Personality, Drive, Push, and Power have been recently acquired in twelve lessons by correspondence. He has 'em groggy and they know it. Is the average Cabinet meeting anything like this? Or does it resemble a real City directors' conference, which isn't quite so full of electricity, except when the stories begin? Or a film conference, which is more often than not like the Monkey House on Bank Holiday? It certainly would help, as Sir John said, to let the Press in when the Cabinet sits.

Our own impression (entirely founded on deduction) is that a just mean about hits the truth. A group of kindly, elderly, rather tired, rather bewildered men of no blazing mental gifts—you remember how Mme. Roland was appalled by the mediocrity even of the giants of the Revolution who crowded her salon—or any special qualifications meet at intervals to wrestle, to the best of their ability, with a maze of problems which would probably stagger Socrates and Napoleon in one (not to speak of the very young of this or any period). There aren't any dramatic moments. Nobody rises and emits dazzling flashes of Personality. Quietly, doggedly, with an undercurrent of mumblings and sighs, they try to grope their way through the whirling fog and the incessant noise. One feels a kindly glow. One is chockful of gentle dove-like thoughts and human sympathy.

It would be just like you to ruin this cosy atmosphere by reminding us that they always have at the back of them the Permanent Officials, the chaps who really keep the great clumsy lurching ship on an even keel and send it blundering somehow through whirlpools and shallows. It would be *just* like you.

Ally

WITHOUT disrespect to the next big thrilling instalment, shortly due, of Mr. Lloyd George's Great War serial, we think you may be as interested as we were to learn the name of the man who, it seems, really did win the War for us. We heard it the other day. He was the man to whom Lord Balfour mysteriously alluded—without mentioning a name—in a speech at Edinburgh University about ten years ago, remarking that this man had never received any reward. He was a brilliant young Austrian wireless engineer, Alexander Szek, born in London. Called in by German H.Q. at Brussels in November 1914 to repair a breakdown and suggest improvements, he ultimately had to be let into the secret of the German code, of which an army of Allied spies was vainly trying to capture the key, for it was completely undecipherable. An English spy in Brussels persuaded Szek, who had pro-British leanings, to steal it. This was soon found impossible, because the code was in two thick volumes interleaved with sheets of lead. Also, if it had been stolen, the Germans would have used another. Eventually Szek undertook the heroic task of copying this enormous mass of intricacy out, and after weeks of labour he did so. After that our Intelligence could decipher every confidential German message with ease, including, three years later, the famous Zimmerman despatch to Mexico which brought America into the war.

The full account is in Oscar Ray's *Histoire de l'Espionnage*, just published. Nobody knows what became of Szek. He got through the electric wire into Holland in 1915 and vanished for ever. If anybody did more to win the war for us off his own bat, as we jolly cricketers say, *and* getting nothing for it, except quite possibly a bullet through the head, we 'd like to know of him.

"Now, Henry, I'll hiss and you boo"

Bargain Dept.

THE first shipload of Red loot from Spanish cathedrals and churches has arrived at Marseilles from Valencia, and this consignment of gold and silver reliquaries, pyxes, chalices,

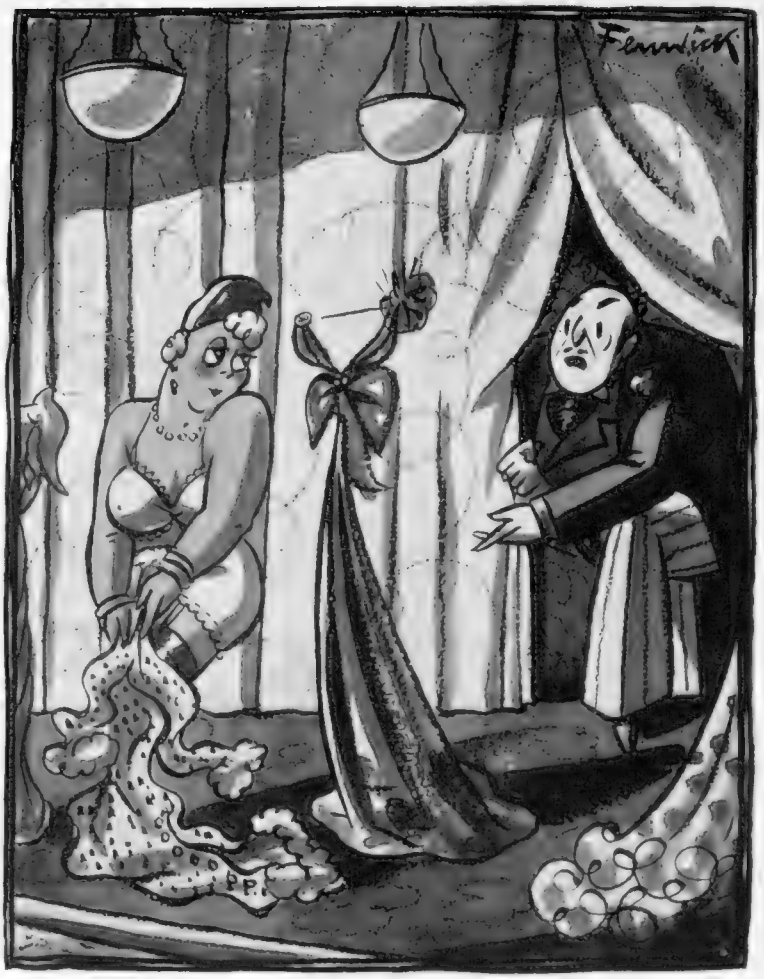
monstrances, lamps, censers, and other sacred vessels, many of them exquisite works of craftsmanship, should keep the antique dealers busy for some time. Whether the Reds have yet had time to attend to St. Ignatius' world-famous shrine at Loyola, known as "the Marvel of Guipuzcoa," isn't yet certain. So far as we remember, there was one chapel alone with a floor and altar of pure silver, jewelled, given by the people of South America, which would probably yield a good deal if carefully stripped. In this country 400 years ago, in the French Revolution, and at other times elsewhere, it has been proved beyond argument that a great deal of profit is invariably lost by greed or carelessness on the part of church looters. The commonsense attitude is that of the ancient Roman general—we forget his name—whose troops were handling some art treasures rather roughly during the sack of a town. "Destroy those pictures," he roared, "and you 'll paint 'em again!" Not a picture was injured, and the general made a pot.

Art-lovers everywhere must be hoping anxiously that not too many of the Spanish treasures will be melted down by their ultimate purchasers. The Spanish gold and silversmiths of the sixteenth century, like the Arfé family, excelled at Gothic and Renaissance monstrances of great size and lofty, intricate beauty. It would be tragic if some of these masterpieces did not get as far as museums, or at least the dinner-table of some wealthy connoisseur. Seville is still in the hands of the anti-Reds, or there might be an admirable opportunity for securing that celebrated array of gold plate which adorns the Cathedral sanctuary on great feasts. Drop your dealer a postcard about the other things, anyhow.

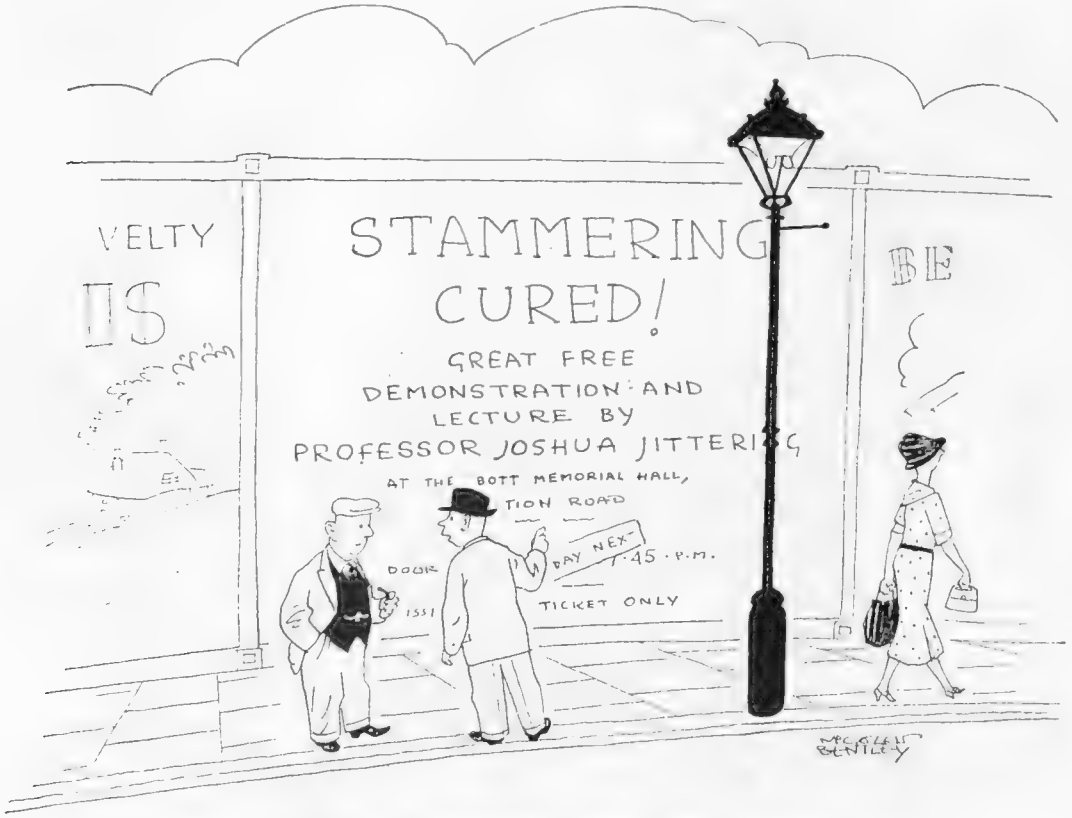
Fire-Bringer

PROMETHEUS the Fire-Bringer steals fire from Heaven in the new Sadler's Wells Beethoven-Lambert *Prometheus* ballet in the shape of a ducky chromium electric torch, complete with switch. According to the poet Hesiod (you know old Hesiod?—one of the Leicestershire Hesiods; his mother was a Faughaughtonbury) it should be real fire, conveyed in a stalk of fennel at great personal risk, and leading as you know to endless bother. The L.C.C. bars real fire at Sadler's Wells and we don't see a great deal of reason to complain. If electricity had been in use on Olympus in the first place a great deal of scandal might have been averted: for one example, that little walk-out between Jupiter and Io which resulted in the poor girl's having to be constantly under the myriad eyes of Argus, the Celestial Nark. A well-timed short-circuit at the right moment and there you are—or were.

Prometheus, poor devil, suffered for his rash act—need we remind you?—by being chained for ever and ever to a peak of the High Caucasus, where a vulture ate his liver daily. And if you remember, the only modern who has ever had the decency to be sorry for him is Max Beerbohm, who a little time ago wanted to send out an expedition to rescue him. In his sympathetic concern for a chap to



"When I said try on that dress in the window, Madame, I didn't mean try on that dress in the window"



"He d-did w-w-wonders for me, that ch-ch-chap!"

whom, after all, we owe the Savoy Grill, Mr. Beerbohm was willing to go even to the lengths of buying Prometheus a fitted silver-topped pigskin dressing-case in Bond Street, each article marked with the neat Greek initial *Pi* : not to speak of a complete outfit of gent's tweed suitings and underclothes. If that isn't an altruistic thought, what is ?

Soft Lights, Sweet Music

COSIEST Real-Life Drama of the month is that involving a Mr. Leo Chertok, "America's Playboy of Finance," who has just abandoned a £250,000 mineral concession in Abyssinia because—well, listen to what Mr. Chertok told the interviewer :

In my business you 've got to be tough, and I am tough. But when my little son said, "Daddy, are you going to start another war ? ", I decided to step clean out."

Mr. Chertok admitted later that the U.S. Government had put pressure on him (he was also supplying munitions), but that 's not important. The nub of the story is the Tears of a Little Child, and there must have been few eyes in the City which were not moist when they let on it. It is, in fact, the modern counterpart of the story of Little Effie and the Burglar, without the Christmas bells.

A big company-promoter once told us that while he was drawing up a beautifully-written prospectus his little daughter, a child with big blue eyes and golden hair, tripped in. This conversation ensued :

"What 's the racket this time ? "
"Same as last."
"Who are you after—widows, and clergymen, retired majors, all that lot ? "
"Yes, mostly."
"What divvies this time ? "
"About 25 per cent., I hope."
"Make it 30. Those saps will fall for anything."

The dear little child then went away, the financier resumed his prospectus, smilingly altering 25 to 30, and some 50,000 widows, clergymen, and retired majors were ruined, which was a just punishment for their failure to correlate A and B, deducing C, as the showgirl said to the Dean.

Bluff Stuff

PRACTICALLY nobody has disagreed with Mr. Ronald Squire's recent protest in the *Times* about the "evil practice" of smoking pipes in restaurants. It is as barbarous a procedure as that habit of some women of publicly making up their faces after the ravages of luncheon, and, in particular, designing a terribly red curly heart in the place where the mouth was. Byron, or whatever sensitive chap it was who couldn't bear to see a woman eat, could have produced a tidy bit of comminatory verse on this topic. Not that that would stop 'em. Some years ago there was a restaurant sketch in one of the London revues in which a decent chap, driven frantic with shame by this public after-luncheon toilet, produced a pocket shaving-kit and had a refreshing shave. It had no effect on the moonfaced ones, however.

If there is just one argument against Mr. Squire's, it 's an ethical one. A number of chaps smoke a pipe because it 's symbolic. It is well known that in England the pipe is the outward token and sign of honesty, bluff sincerity, and true simple manliness. In France no such moral message is understood, and indeed M. Herriot's sturdy addiction to his pipe awakens in the breast of some Frenchmen nothing but horrible merriment and derision. "Herriot Mapipe," Daudet christened him—though, mark you, the Herriot pipe is of the highest ethical type, the Briar.

Cherrywood has a good homespun appeal in its way, but the plain unvarnished briar lends almost any face a rugged decency which calls irresistibly to the Island Blood. This, perhaps, is why so many of the literary boys affect it, both in photographs and when being interviewed. It makes 'em agreeably gruff, too. Tennyson had a big pipe and was deliciously gruff. ("Your stays creak," was his only remark to a girl at a dinner-party. Some time later he came up to her and said : "It wasn't your stays, it was my braces." All the boys whose pipe is part of their Personality might therefore be allowed to smoke in a restaurant, we think. Tell us which restaurant, will you ?

Can't-Fool-Us Dept.

THREE middle-aged satyrs among our friends, one with a monocle, have assured us that in our recent note on the forthcoming death of the Alhambra, Leicester Square, W., we left out the most incredible thing about it—namely, that up to the eve of the Great War the back of every Alhambra stall had a neat little rack for holding glasses containing drinks (real) which were served to the audience there, as well as in the bars. This seems to us a rather degrading lie, due to senile decay. To look at a variety-cum-ballet performance and to be able to smoke *and* sip a whisky-and-soda in comfort at the same time—well, we 're not such asses as to believe that story. We 've since looked up *Carnival* (pub. 1912), and we find the pop of corks and the splash of soda mingling with the crash of the orchestra, the applause of the claque, and the other Alhambra noises. This merely leaves us as unperturbed as any history don who doesn't like the evidence. It seems to us a deliberate interpolation in the text by some pseudo-Mackenzie, and we dismiss it as such, frigidly and with contempt.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Would *you mind using another table — Otto is so sensitive*"

Films of the Day

Shakespeare Again : By George Campbell

"La Kermesse Héroïque": Francoise Rosay as the Burgomaster's Wife

Jean Murat Plays the Duke

"La Kermesse Héroïque" is a delightful French film dealing with an incident in the rise of the Dutch republic unchronicled by senior historians. The settings and to a large degree the sentiment are pure Flemish Old Master. Jean Murat and Francoise Rosay play lead. Jacques Feyder directed and the film won the first prize for direction at Venice in August. "La Kermesse Héroïque" went to Studio One the week before last

IT is always a source of surprise to me, and to others, I suppose, that so many critics are born naggers. We all know the nagging woman. No child so angelic that it hasn't mislaid a toy, no dress so perfect, but that a button is out of place, no outing so enjoyable that she can't find fault somewhere. And it is the same with a certain type of critic, more especially when the subject-matter happens to be Shakespeare's. That a film producer should lay hands on the Bard at all is a rash and desperate enterprise. If he happens to be an American into the bargain the fellow is insolent. He doesn't know his place.

Well, I suppose such an attitude is to be expected when a new force, too vital to be ignored, shatters the dullard's complacency. Shakespeare himself had to face attack: "This impudent Shake-scene, decking himself out with our feathers," one of his rivals called him, cattily. The man whose daring did not boggle at the use of witches and ghosts; who was so little of a pedant that he could write beautifully of the coast of Bohemia, which happens to be one of those islands entirely surrounded by land; who thought nothing of introducing cannon into *King John* and a clock into *Julius Cæsar*—can one seriously believe that such a man would sympathise for one moment with all the criticism of this or that detail in *Romeo and Juliet*?

SHAKESPEARE (do let us remember this) was not merely a genius. Plenty of men of genius, Shelley, for example, have attempted plays, without success. Shakespeare is what he is because he happened to be also a practical man of the theatre. His job was to write plays that would hold an audience. If they also contained great poetry, so much the better; but the play was the thing. Working without the modern theatre's equipment, using candles and rushlights and signs—"A Platform Before the Castle"—where Kommisarjevsky would give us a Russian baroque palace, Shakespeare had to be content with makeshifts. If he could have had a battery of lights and revolving stages and all the rest of the paraphernalia available to Mr. Cochran, I don't doubt he'd have jumped at them.

But mere pedantic accuracy—that's another matter altogether. He was content to make characters in all lands and all ages dress and talk like Elizabethans, which is as if we dressed Cleopatra in a coat and skirt and Mark Antony in plus fours. This, coupled with his famous (and either deliberate or extremely careless) anachronisms, shows what he would have thought of the pedantic little nags we hear to-day.

TAKE the marriage scene in *Romeo and Juliet*—the film, I mean, for in the play Friar Laurence marries the lovers off stage:

Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

In the film we see the holy (but suspicious) friar perform the ceremony; and as the dramatist naturally omitted to provide dialogue for a scene he didn't think it necessary to show, the director of the film has filled in the brief silence with music reminiscent of St. Margaret's, Westminster. This gives offence to some. Not to me. And, I venture to think, not to the ghost of Shakespeare. The Bard, like other Elizabethans, dearly loved a good stage effect, and if he didn't accompany his marriages or deaths with appropriate music it was almost certainly because there was none available.

THEY say the walls of the Capulets' castle are too high, the orchard too magnificent—and this in one of the richest cities in a land famous for its magnificent castles and lovely gardens. They say lines have been written in. Quite untrue. They say Edna May Oliver allows Juliet to steal the orchard scene, simply because the director has preserved a just balance, instead of following the stage tradition and encouraging the Nurse to dominate a scene that depends on give-and-take. They say John Barrymore is too old for Mercutio. I don't say I wouldn't have him twenty years younger for choice, but I can recall nothing in Shakespeare's characterisation of Mercutio inconsistent with his being a devil-may-care rip in the 'forties—the age Mr. Barrymore looks.

FINALLY, they say Norma Shearer is too old for Juliet, not to mention being too American, too cinematic, too this and too that. Now it is a truism that no actress is thoroughly equipped to play this part till she is long past looking it. Norma Shearer is not a great Shakespearean actress. How could she be, at her very first attempt? But, getting down to bedrock, who could better take her place in this production? Peggy Ashcroft is a gifted young actress, but not particularly photogenique. Is there any other young woman on the English stage who could have stepped into the film with the certainty that she would have raised the standard of the acting, apart altogether from possessing the radiant beauty without which the sudden infatuation of Romeo, like a man struck with summer lightning, would be quite incredible? On the stage great actresses have played Juliet at fifty and sixty, and played her very well, judging by myopic critics in the fifteenth row of the stalls. On the screen the whole audience is in the front row—nearer still, on the stage, looking into the eyes that Romeo looked into, breathing the sighs that fanned his cheek; so fifty and sixty just won't do.

My only regret is that Irving Thalberg, a likeable little fellow and a brilliant, wasn't there with his wife, as he planned, to see London put the seal on her success.

"The Three Maxims"

Herbert Wilcox Makes a Circus Drama, now at the Leicester Square

Anna Neagle, Tullio Carminati and Leslie Banks are the stars of *The Three Maxims*, are the three Maxims, in fact, trapeze artists in a French circus. The story plays round jealousies in the trio and their effect on the act, front of stage; Herbert Wilcox, the director, has mastered the art of suspense so that every time someone swings in the air your heart swings into your mouth; circus atmosphere is well maintained throughout. *The Three Maxims* was the last film Herbert Wilcox made at Elstree before moving into his new studios at Iver. It had its premiere last night at the Leicester Square

Anna Neagle and Tullio Carminati

The Other Angle of the Triangle—Leslie Banks and Anna Neagle

Left: ready to go on—Mac, Toni and Pat, the Three Maxims (Leslie Banks, Tullio Carminati and Anna Neagle). Leslie Banks had two premieres last night, one in this and the other in the flesh at the St. Martin's, leading in Geoffrey Kerr's comedy, "Till the Cows Come Home"

June Brae as the Other Woman

Above:
Mary Honer as Prometheus' Wife

Right:
Pas de Deux by Prometheus and the Other Woman

"Prometheus"

Ninette de Valois' Beethoven Ballet at Sadler's Wells

Except for his impressive fire-bringing descent from the mountains and his processional return thereto, Prometheus has no hero's part to play in this ballet. Between entrance and exit he 's a disappointed man, in public life suspected as a revolutionary firebrand by his fellow citizens, in private life the bewildered centre, between his wife and the "other woman," of a triangle comedy. This is the twist Constant Lambert has given the Prometheus story in his arrangement of Beethoven's ballet music for its new choreographic version by Ninette de Valois. She has woven an intricate and interesting dancing pattern round the mildly satiric tale, with Robert Helpmann, Mary Honer, and June Brae to interpret the chief parts, and Harold Turner and William Chappell important subsidiaries as Prometheus' friends. The décor and dresses are by John Banting. The ballet is the first new production of the Sadler's Wells' season, and was given its first performance two weeks ago It forms part of the programme at the Gala Performance on November 13th, in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital

Robert Helpmann as Prometheus

Photographs by Anthony

Pas de Deux by Prometheus and His Wife

"My Two-Edged Sword of Church and State"

Charles's tribute to his faithful supporters Strafford (Maurice Colbourne) and Laud (Morland Graham), cuts two ways when their subsequent fate is considered: they were both beheaded

The Queen (Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies) in Flight to France

January 30th, 1649

Thomas Herbert (Stafford Hilliard), Charles's devoted personal servant, keeps his last promise to his master—not to watch the execution

The capricious Queen Henrietta Maria interrupts King Charles (Barry Jones) while he is sitting to van Dyck: "You'll not forget the nursery. To-night James is to have a bath"

"Charles the King"

Colbourne's Historical Tragedy at the Lyric is of Strong Royalist Flavour

Charles the King, dealing with the life and death of Charles I. of England, is a tour de force for Maurice Colbourne. He wrote and produced the play, and acts the part of Viscount Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford. In Barry Jones the author has an actor who does full justice to the highly sympathetic portrait of Charles, and Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies acts the unsympathetic part of Charles's French Queen with elegance. George Merritt's Cromwell and Morland Graham's Laud fulfil every promise of their spirited clash in the first scene, and amongst a multitude of convincing smaller characters, Joyce Kennedy's Countess of Carlisle and Gordon McLeod's Pym stand out. The cast and the settings (Motley) are lavish, and the scene changes frequently, from Ireton's estate and Cromwell's house to rooms in the Palace, the Cornish coast, Hurst Castle on the Solent, the trial chamber and the final tragic early morning window at Whitehall. Whether you are for Roundheads, "right but repulsive," or Cavaliers, "wrong but romantic," you will find *Charles the King* dramatic and moving, and what more can you ask of a play? It is at the Lyric

Photographs by John Everard

Left: Lambe (Guy Belmore), Laud's agent, takes down names after an altercation between the Archbishop and some Puritans on the subject of church ritual: "And what is your name, sir?" "Cromwell." "First name?" "Oliver C, R, O, M, W, E, double L." George Merritt plays Cromwell

"Put Not Your Trust in Princes"

Charles signs Strafford's death warrant

Miss Penelope Pike

Yevonde

The Earl of Ronaldshay

Engaged

Lord Zetland's Son and Olive Snell's Daughter

Lord Ronaldshay and Miss Penelope Pike announced their engagement a month ago. He is the Marquess and Marchioness of Zetland's elder son, will be twenty-eight in November, spent over a year in India as A.D.C. to the Viceroy. Penelope Pike is the younger of the two attractive daughters of Colonel and Mrs. Ebenezer Pike, of Ditcham Park, Petersfield, Hants.; her mother is best known as Olive Snell, the artist. Her elder sister married another peer's heir a year ago; she is now the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Brett, daughter-in-law of Lord and Lady Esher

Peter North

Lady Diana Dixon

Lady Diana Dixon is the elder half-sister of Earl Cowley, and married Daniel Dixon, son of the Rt. Hon. Herbert and the Hon. Mrs. Dixon in 1933. They have a son, born last year and christened Thomas Robin Valerian. Lady Diana Dixon's younger sister, Lady Cecilia Wellesley, is engaged to John Smiley, Sir Hugh Smiley's brother. This party-dress, jewels and tiara picture of her is one of the exhibits in Peter North's 1936 show, "In Search of Beauty"

Baron

This is Arthur Riscoe

Below:
This is Billy Bennett

"Almost a Gentleman"

Do You Know Which is Billy Bennett and Which Isn't?

Arthur Riscoe doesn't exactly take off Billy Bennett in *Going Places*, the revue at the Savoy Theatre; he just obviously chose that "near-gentleman" as model for his make-up in one of the sketches where he's pretending to be steward on a liner. He makes himself a good copy, and so he does, in the next few minutes, of Douglas Byng. Arthur Riscoe (he and Mr. Bennett have this in common, too) always gives his audience full value for their money. If you like clowns, there's a good deal of the genuine article about his canny melancholy Yorkshire fooling

Cannons of Hollywood

"Bystander" Short Story No. 61

Maiden's Choice

By Peter Traill

Now that his wife had left him, James Maiden breathed a sigh of relief. He had been sitting in the Regent Club since ten o'clock that morning, waiting for Cecile to get her things out of the flat. At first he had thought of going down to the city as usual, but the excitement, welling up within him in waves, prevented him from being capable of any real concentration. He felt that he couldn't put his mind upon anything for long enough to see it through, and he decided it would be better if he fumbled through the morning papers, took a stroll perhaps in the park, had an occasional drink, ate a good lunch, did some racing on the tape, and then went along to the flat when Cecile would have left.

They had parted on quite good terms, and James was going to give her her divorce in the approved manner, but they were both glad to see the last of one another. James particularly was pleased that at last he would have the place to himself, and not be encircled at all times with her friends who seemed to him to use the flat as if it were an hotel, and to give him no peace. That had been one of the major causes of the rift which widened between them; there were, of course, others, but it was the knowledge that he could never be sure of any privacy which played upon his nerves, until his temper became so unbearable that he had a great deal of trouble in even putting up with himself.

At half-past eleven, surrounded by discarded newspapers, he looked at the clock, and was wondering whether a glass of sherry and bitters or a "pink gin" was the better drink at that time in the morning, when Chester Coins roamed into his field of vision. It was Coins' first appearance that day, and, indeed, this was his usual time to enter the club; sometimes he was later, but never earlier. James Maiden looked at him with a certain distaste. He had that feeling of superiority which overlays every man who uses his brains to make a living and succeeds, when he comes into contact with those whom he thinks are wasting their lives. And there was no doubt that Chester Coins was wasting his. In four words: he drank too much. In fact, in four more words: he did little else.

When he saw James Maiden, however, he came across to him with every sign of pleasure and none of it was assumed. Chester respected James Maiden; he was fully aware that he himself had been born with enough of the world's goods to ensure his never doing a hand's turn of work, and that he had deliberately wasted his opportunities. Now and again he even went so far as to take himself to task over the regrettable state of affairs, but he never went any further than that in case, by any mischance, he found himself in a job. But Maiden, who had been at school with him, had made something out of very little, and Chester was very pleased about it. What was most praiseworthy was that James Maiden was still on the right side of forty, and Chester was pleased to think that his friend should live to enjoy the fruits of his brains, whereas he himself, at the rate he was going, hadn't a long lease of life before him. That appeared to him to be entirely right; they would both get their deserts in the end. And what could be fairer than that?

"Well, Jimmie," he said. "What are you doing here in the morning? Tube broken down or something? What'll you have?" The questions tumbled out one on top of the other as he stepped sloppily

(Concluded on page 162)

Illustration by Gerald Backhouse

For the moment the stillness about him caused him to hesitate

Maiden's Choice *(Continued from page 161)*

over the pile of newspapers and took a seat beside Maiden. The latter's face creased into a smile; he lost his mingled feelings of distaste and exasperation at Chester, and pity reared its head. What a shame it was that Chester had so wasted his talents! For the man was no born fool.

"I was just thinking of having a small one," he said.

"Splendid." Chester beckoned the waiter and had his first "pink gin," the beginning of the succession of those which were supposed to put him right after the similar succession of the day before; then his mind returned to his original surprise.

"Taking a day off?" he hazarded. Maiden nodded an assent.

"A very good thing to do occasionally." Chester gave his opinion as a man who knew from life-long experience what a relief it was to let the office go to the devil.

"It's a bad thing to make a habit of it," Maiden put in, determined not to allow Chester to get away with so palpable a piece of conceit, but Chester put his drink to his mouth with his somewhat unsteady hand, without comment. There fell a short silence and then, more for something to say than anything else, he began again.

"Things slack at the moment?"

"Not particularly. Only—" Maiden hesitated, and then plunged ahead. "Oh, well, I suppose I might as well tell you; it is bound to be all over the place before long. Cecile and I are splitting." Chester Coins sat up in his chair and blinked very hard. He was asking himself what one said to that kind of news.

"I'm so sorry," he murmured, and, turning away to hide his embarrassment, pressed the bell by his side. Loudly, before Maiden could stop him, he ordered another round. Maiden shrugged his shoulders.

"This is on me," he said. "You needn't trouble to be tactful," he continued. "These things have a way of happening—and there it is."

"Quite—quite," Chester put in hastily.

"We just couldn't go on; it seemed stupid to go on living together when all we did was to fight."

"Perfectly stupid," Chester agreed. "Much better to start again." He cocked his eye at him. "Another man? Was that it?"

"Oh, no; at least I don't think so."

"But one never knows, or does one?" Chester replied. "I was engaged once, you know."

"Really." Maiden's interjection stifled a yawn.

"Until I found out she was driving a carriage and pair instead of a phaeton, if you follow me. She married the other chap, though; they've made a success of it, too." Chester took up his second drink and swallowed it in one gulp out of nervousness. "Good luck to them," he added. Maiden picked up his and sipped it meditatively. Cecile ought to be at the flat by then. It'd be odds on she left the place in the devil of a mess: she always had.

"Marrying anyone else?" Chester's question burst in upon his thoughts, and Maiden looked at him for a moment as if he hadn't heard what he said.

"Again! Good heavens, no!" he exploded. Chester blinked once more.

"Just thought there might be someone else," he explained. Maiden put down his drink and stood up.

"Well, so long," he said abruptly. "See you at lunch probably. When I've got my flat straightened out, you must come along."

"Thanks, I will. Sure you won't have another before you go?" Maiden shook his head, and Chester, looking after his disappearing figure, blinked for the third time and ordered his third drink. His subsequent condition, which was usual, but attained rather earlier, was due to Maiden's domestic troubles—or so he said.

"Put me back a bit, I can tell you," he explained, and other members nodded sympathetically, as if the split between the Maidens was a matter of paramount importance to Chester Coins. At about half-past five he fell asleep in his chair, and at practically the same time, James Maiden let himself into the flat.

FOR a moment the stillness about him caused him to hesitate. He was accustomed to be met by a shrill chatter and the chink of glasses; to be called "darling" by young women he hardly knew, and, if there were any young men there, to be badgered either to buy some shares, a motor-car, a new refrigerator, or any one of the hundred things in which gentlemen on commission deal. Now there was no sound except the tap of his own heels upon the parquet as he went forward into the sitting-room.

Propped up in the middle of the mantelpiece he saw a note in Cecile's handwriting, and, while he looked about him trying to find something with which to find fault, he opened it as casually as he could. The room was so clean and tidy that he was lost in astonishment. With the letter open in his hand he glanced down at it and read. It was short and to the point.

"As I always make a mess," Cecile had written, "I brought a woman with me to clean up after me. Hope she's done it well. In haste, Cecile."

So that was the explanation; James turned about abruptly, and resumed his inspection. The woman had indeed done well; the flat had been thoroughly swept and garnished. Coming back to the sitting-room, he turned on the electric fire, mixed himself a whisky and soda, and sat down to enjoy his privacy.

It might have been the failing light throwing a faint shadow, or perhaps it was just a trick of an eyelash, but half-an-hour later he thought he saw someone out of the corner of his eye. Swinging round sharply, he looked towards the spot, but there was nothing there except the empty armchair and behind it the lifeless curtain. Convinced though he should have been by this scrutiny, the feeling persisted that he was not alone, and, so strong did it grow, that he got to his feet and carried out another inspection of the place. But there was no one there, and nothing was out of order.

RINGING the bell he brought up the waiter and ordered his dinner; then settling himself down with a book, he prepared for a peaceful evening. That was his intention; but try as he would, he found that he could not concentrate. There was no sound, yet sounds seemed to be all around him; there were no people, yet the room seemed crowded with vague forms. He started at nothing, and jerked his head up to look at blank spaces. And when he had finished his dinner and the waiter had said good-night, he felt insecure in his security. Nor did the feeling diminish, but with the decreasing noise in the streets below it began to overwhelm him so that he grew restless and had to pace about the room to keep astride his flying thoughts.

Glancing at his watch, he saw it was only half-past nine; he could not go to bed yet, and the unsubstantial shadows unnerved him, leaving him none of the peace which he had so eagerly coveted. Not that he wanted Cecile back; anything but that. In desperation he put on his hat and coat and, when he reached the street, felt the comfort of companionship in even the passer-by. Turning his steps towards the Regent, he went along slowly, enjoying the freshness of the night air and promising himself a final whisky and soda at the club before he turned in for the night.

As he pushed open the swing doors he knew that his mind had returned to normal; the hot, smoke-laden atmosphere seemed friendly to him and the porter's cheerful "Good evening, Sir" a message of satisfying import.

"Anyone in, Steele?" he asked.

"One or two in the card-room, Sir; but it's pretty quiet to-night. You'll find Mr. Coins in the smoking-room, Sir." There was a twinkle in the porter's eyes as he said this, but Maiden did not believe in encouraging any familiarity on the part of the servants. Chester's failure was his own affair. He hung up his hat and coat and wandered down the length of the long room where, some of the reading-lamps having been turned out for economy's sake, the light was subdued. A couple of old gentlemen were dozing over the evening papers, and there was a stillness, but it had a different quality from the one in his flat.

ROUNDING the corner of the "L," he saw Chester Coins still sitting in the chair where he had left him. There was a half-empty glass of whisky and soda before him, and he appeared to be asleep. But at the sound of the bell which Maiden pushed, he opened his heavy-lidded eyes and peered at him for a moment, trying to focus his image distinctly. "Hullo, Jimmie, back again," he muttered. "Come and sit down here and have one." Maiden looked at him sharply, and there was no mistaking the superiority of his manner.

"Thanks, I've ordered one," he replied

"Well, order another for me then," Chester said. "And come and sit down." He heaved himself up a little in his seat. "She cleared out all right?" Maiden wished he had said nothing early in the day, and determined to say little else, but he ordered the drinks.

"Yes," he answered shortly.

"Damned good thing. It'd be a damned good world if we cleared them all out. What are you back here for?"

"Just came in for a drink."

"Very sensible idea," Chester put in, and then he opened his eyes wide in a sudden burst of sobriety. "Haven't you got any stuff at your flat?" he asked.

"Plenty."

"Well, what the hell's the point of coming here and paying more for it?"

Maiden felt that the conversation was getting out of hand, and Chester's flabby fat face began to irritate him.

"I might say the same to you," he retorted.

"You might," Chester conceded magnanimously. "It'd be a fair retort. But I've a reason. What's yours?" Maiden thought for a moment and then, realising he ought not to be too aggressive, gave him the answer.

"I felt a bit lonely," he said. "I don't suppose you know what that means."

"Don't I?" Chester asked truculently. Maiden thought it better not to argue.

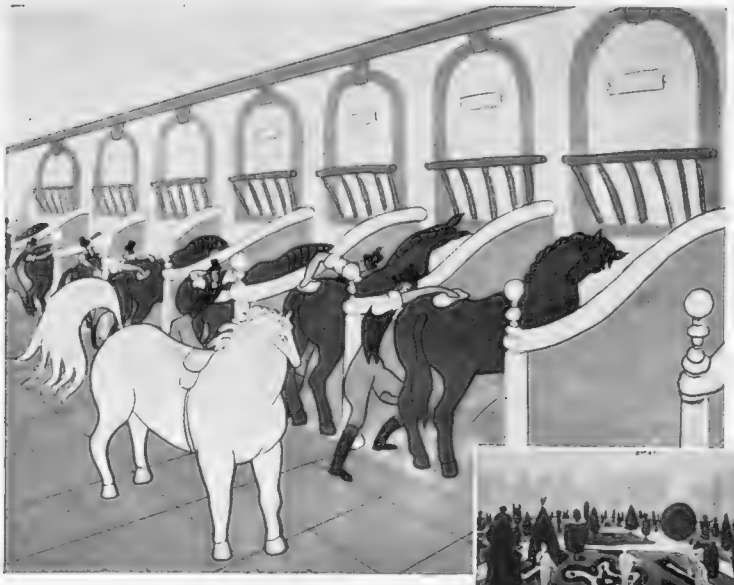
"Well, what's the cure then?" Chester eyed the fresh whisky and soda which the waiter put down beside his unfinished one.

"You may have noticed I drink," he said simply.

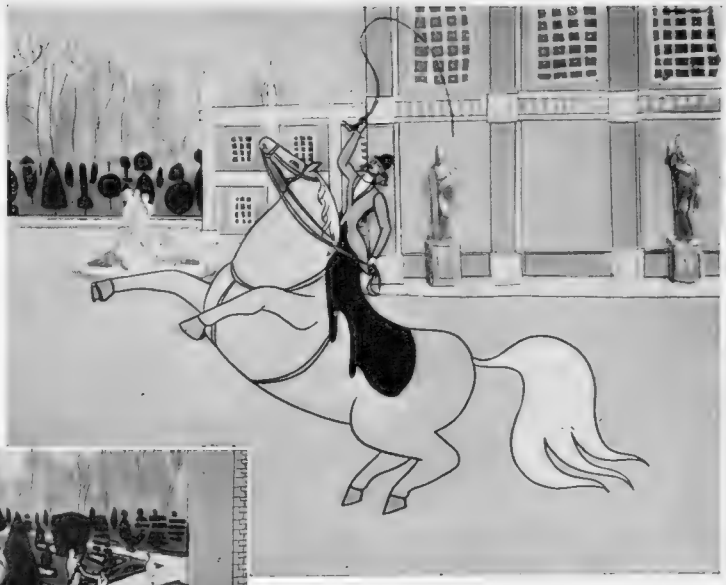
"But I don't," Maiden said sententiously, as he handed over the price of the whiskies and sodas. Chester picked up his unfinished one and poured it noisily down his throat.

"Then I'm very sorry for you," he answered; "because you'll have to marry again." After which his head fell forward and he slept.

THE END



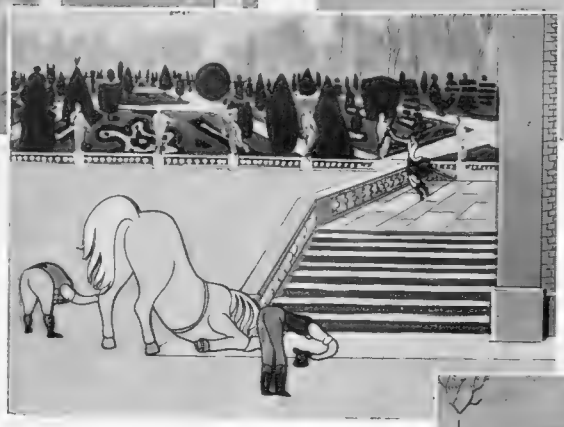
The Pride of the Stables



The Master Sets Off for the Meet

"Fox-Hunt"

A New Kind of Cartoon at the Curzon Cinema



The Master's Horse is Brought Round

Fox-Hunt is a new English cartoon in colour, made by Hector Hoppin and Antony Gross. It is no imitation of the inimitable Disney, but a complete breakaway from the existing cartoon-technique, a creation on original and amusing lines. The first film made by these two young men was *Joie de Vivre*, which Alexander Korda saw during its Curzon run; he gave them a contract to work for London Films and *Fox-Hunt* is the first result. London Films have allowed the Curzon to present the cartoon because that cinema gave Hoppin and Gross their original showing in England. It had its premiere, with *Mayerling*, last week

Followers' Encounter

Left: *Hounds' Holiday*

Where Have the Hounds Gone?

Modern Improvement: the Mechanised Hunt

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Homage to Jellicoe: By Alan Thomas

A GLAMOROUS tradition is an exacting form of inheritance. People expect you to live up to the glamour as well as to the tradition, and unglamorous achievement is apt to be interpreted as failure. This is a point that is well brought out in Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon's excellent biography of *Jellicoe*, with a Foreword by Reginald McKenna (Cassell; 25*s*.). The public had been brought up in the belief that his Majesty's Navy was not only invulnerable but that it would sink and destroy any enemy's fleet that might be encountered on the High Seas. That was the tradition handed down by Nelson from the spacious days of Trafalgar when the two opposing fleets were in sight of each other for six hours before a shot was fired and the immortal Admiral could pace the deck of the Victory "in full dress, with his orders and medals on his breast." What the great British public failed to realise in 1916 was that times had changed. At Jutland Sir John Jellicoe, as he stood on the bridge of the Iron Duke, wore an old blue Burberry with a band buckled round his waist and a scarf round his neck. And instead of six hours in which to dispose his fleet he had precisely twenty seconds. Twenty seconds in which to decide the fate of the Empire! And all he could hear was the dull booming of guns in the distance. "I wish," he remarked, "someone would tell me who is firing and what they are firing at." Jellicoe won the battle but lost the glamour. Nor did he live to taste the full flavour of affection and respect in which his fellow-countrymen held him.

He was by all accounts a very simple man, devoted to duty, careless of what the uninstructed public might think, content so long as he retained the confidence of his superiors. He was the sort of man who could keep a roomful of civic dignitaries waiting for their lunch while he was seeing what he could do for a poor widow whose husband had served in the Iron Duke. And his readiness to lend a hand where it was most needed resulted, during the General Strike, in the late Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet, complete with truncheon and armlet, guarding a suburban gas-works.

Admiral Bacon sheds new light on some aspects of Jutland but little on the mystery of Jellicoe's summary dismissal from the Admiralty at the end of 1917. The book is well illustrated, and fully, if somewhat faultily, indexed.

"THE KING SEES RED," by Anthony Bertram (Chapman and Hall; 7*s*. 6*d*.), will find no place on the bookshelves of an escapologist. It is a novel of the Left, fertile in the kind of political issue that nowadays forms the staple of discussion from China to Peru (or should I say from Moscow to Geneva?). There is nothing for it apparently but a major and extremely painful operation performed with the aid of a hammer and a sickle. As a preliminary dose, however, Mr. Bertram's book is less of a purge than a cocktail. Seasoned as my palate is to propagandist literature, I got a real kick out of this book.

The conflict which Mr. Bertram employs his literary and, I will say, his poetic powers to analyse is the inveterate feud between "heir and ancestor"—in other words, between the haves and the have-nots. The King, who in the fullness (or emptiness) of time sees red, is "a feudal hang-over in the capitalist world." Instead of being allowed to go quietly into exile he is used by financial and armament interests to "support the system." The wretched man himself, suffering under the weight of all that is implied in the name Maximilian Ruprecht Franz Josef Ludwig Wilhelm Habsburg Wittelsbach von Steinbergen zu Mannerheim-Stolz, is torn between the nobility of his birth, his upbringing and office on the one hand and his natural sympathy with the workers on the other. In the three sections of the book, headed respectively, Irresponsibility, Towards Responsibility, and Responsibility, we watch the progress of this distracted but delightful character towards the only goal that offers him any sense of reality—the experience of finding out what he can do as a common man.

Mr. Bertram's modes of writing range from the fantastical, rather T. S. Eliotish kind of poetic prose to the serious and realistic, and his analysis of the shape of things to come is as entertaining to read about as it is horrid to contemplate.

Burne-Jones' Granddaughter

Mrs. Angela Thirkell's new novel, "August Folly," is the Book Society's October choice and is reviewed on this page. Mrs. Thirkell is a granddaughter of Burne-Jones, daughter of Professor J. W. Mackail, sister of Denis Mackail, and a cousin of Stanley Baldwin

IN *August Folly* (Hamish Hamilton; 7*s*. 6*d*.) Mrs. Angela Thirkell exposes the follies and foibles of family life in the country with her accustomed satirical brilliance. She has chosen an easy target: for the central incident is a village production of the Hippolytus of Euripides. Unfortunately, we are not given the actual performance, but we do get as far as the dress rehearsal in which the contretemps are in the best tradition of amateur theatricals. There are a good many characters in the book: a few are pleasant, more are disagreeable in varying degrees; but practically all seemed to me to behave with rather more idiocy than is usual even among those who perform in Greek plays. This is a witty, acute book, and its malice is not the least entertaining of its qualities. If Mrs. Thirkell sometimes draws the long bow she never fails to send her shafts home.

THOSE who are already thinking of drawing up their Christmas lists cannot do better than include *Through the Woods*, by H. E. Bates, with seventy-three engravings on wood by Agnes Miller Parker (Gollancz; 10*s*. 6*d*.). It is the sort of book that is bound to give pleasure to townsman and countryman alike. The author's descriptions of English woodland life from April to April are born of a real understanding and love of his subject. He talks easily, sometimes provocatively, of everything from the mushroom to the fox, from the poacher to the catkin. The crowning glory of the book lies in the illustrations. It would be difficult to exaggerate the exquisite quality of these wood engravings. They are superb.

THERE is a pleasant, antiquarian atmosphere about the tales in the late Lord Halifax's *Ghost Book* (Geoffrey Bles; 8*s*. 6*d*.). Here we have a collection of stories of Haunted Houses, Apparitions, and Supernatural Occurrences—all of them, except one which Lord Halifax wrote himself, vouched for by his acquaintances or friends. The very titles are intriguing: "The Secret of Glamis," "The Grey Man of Wrotham," "The Butler in the Corridor." A book, one might say, of haunting interest.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

The skating season is in full swing, and crowded rinks present a gay spectacle of lithe figures gliding over the ice. Some wear a circular skirt and plain sweater, while others prefer an all-in-one suit, but in either case it is essential to feel absolutely free from any sense of cramp or discomfort caused by a dragging sleeve. Colours vary from daring shades of red, green and yellow to plain black, which is very smart. The length of skirt depends on how experienced the wearer is. Miquette, Selfridge's (Oxford Street) lovely new mannequin, wears the charming frock on the right in heavy ribbed wool, from the knitwear department. It costs 73s. 6d., and fits closely to the figure with a gored skirt which flares below the hips. The polo neck, in a contrasting colour to match the stripes, fastens with a sliding catch and may be worn open. It is also available in plain colours, while short pantees woven at the legs and waist with lastex yarn cost 7s. 6d.

The Cap Fits

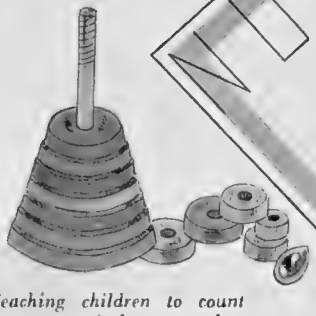
Small, close-fitting caps are everywhere this season, and offer scope for individuality. An amusing version of the "bandmaster" hat is seen on the left. It is made of black felt with a stiff, upturned brim, embroidered with gold thread, and comes from Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, together with the other hats on this page

Fur coats are frequently accompanied by fur hats, especially if the skin is soft and pliable like Persian lamb. This fur has been described as mink's most formidable rival, and is exceptionally smart for town wear. It is seen below, allied with felt, in the shape of a jaunty cap with a moderately high crown, squared at the top. A twisted bow stands up like a quill

Leather is also used for hats this year, pigskin and suède for the country, antelope for town and smart occasions. The last-named closely resembles suède, but is much finer in texture, with a pronounced satin sheen. In the youthful cap below, it is elaborately worked with periwinkle shirring, and trimmed with three flat bows. The sloping line from neck to crown is new

Dover Street Studios

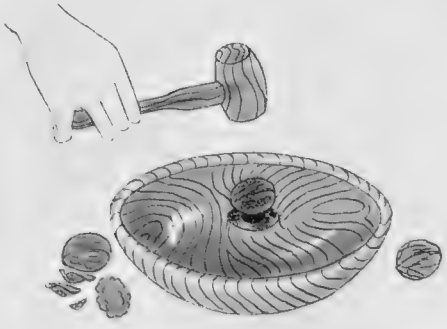
It is proverbial that men are bad packers, but few can go wrong with the new week-end hair-brush, which contains a complete shaving equipment in the back, plus a comb and looking-glass. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, have it for three guineas, including the leather case



Teaching children to count is comparatively easy when played as a game, since their interest is aroused. With the pyramid above from Liberty's, it is the brightly coloured rings which appeal, as they are graduated, and must be arranged in order of size

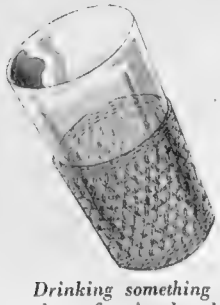
To walk through Liberty's, Regent Street, and see the numerous lovely works of art which have been collected from all parts of the world, is a real pleasure. Hidden among these treasures lies this model ship, entirely composed from segments of bamboo. Though entirely hand-made and painted, it only costs 5s. 6d.

Sporting enthusiasts will appreciate this china figure of a jockey weighing-in, made by the Royal Crown Derby porcelain company, and modelled by Mabel Locke, a well-known Edinburgh sculptress. Each figure is 8½ in. high, and can be supplied by Harrods in any race-horse owner's colours for 38s. 6d.



A new idea in nut-crackers may be seen at Liberty's, in the shape of a solid oak bowl and hammer for 10s. 6d. It is quaint and picturesque, while little effort is required to crack the nuts which are placed on the raised stand

Practical and extremely decorative are the new table heaters from Harrods, Knightsbridge. They consist of a coloured glass bowl containing two burning tee lights, covered by a perforated chromium plate. In two sizes, they cost 7s. and 2s. 9d.



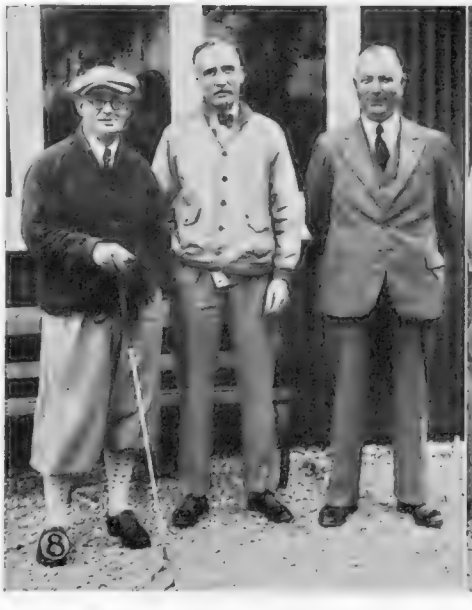
Drinking something hot from a glass often involves burnt fingers and a mark on the polished table. In order to avoid this, Liberty's are showing gaily-coloured straw holders. They only cost sixpence, and will fit the average tumbler

Golf Clubs at Home:

Lee-on-the-Solent

The golf club at Lee was founded in 1905 by Sir Charles Robinson. To-day, Lee-on-the-Solent course has eighteen holes over a fairly flat area on good turf and a gravel subsoil. Two holes have recently been re-organised for the sake of length, and the total is just over six thousand yards in all

(1) Ian Stuart, E. W. Webb (captain) and R. Clark. (2) A. Barlow (committee member), W. Hogarth (secretary) and W. W. Wilson. (3) W. A. W. Pilcher (committee member), D. Braithwaite, T. H. Chignell and J. S. Cox. (4) Major D. D. H. Johnston and Major C. D. Vint. (5) J. B. Sinnott and C. Meatyard (committee). (6) W. F. Johns (professional), A. H. Watson and E. E. Evershed. (7) R. H. Dent, A. B. Burgess and Dr. H. M. Weir (committee member). (8) C. M. Jeram (committee member), C. E. Robinson and A. J. Pyle (committee member). (9) D. C. Dowse (committee), J. Coutts and G. H. White (committee)



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Autumn Racing

Watching Horses, Mostly at Wincanton and Lingfield

West Country Steeplechasing at Wincanton

Miss L. Harrington is with Lady Mabel Fox-Strangways, the Ilchesters' just-ex-debutante daughter

Mrs. John Taylor walked round with Lord Howland, nineteen-year-old grandson of the Duke of Bedford

A cheerful Wincanton group of typical racing socialites: Mr. Nigel Seely, Mr. Philip Dunne, Lady Jersey, Lord Weymouth, Lady Mary Lygon, Lady Mary Dunn, Lady Stavordale, Mr. Philip Dunn, and Lady Weymouth

Miss Virginia Clark and Miss Islay Holland wore those neat check suits; Mr. Peter Hankey is with them

Miss Susan Bligh is with Mr. Atty Stewart; his cousin, Mr. Cuthbert Stewart, has just let his Regent's Park house to Mrs. Ernest Simpson

Right: a Lingfield snapshot of Mr. Dennis Griffiths and Lord Morris, who had just picked a winner

Saturday Lingfield Racing—

Mrs. William Forbes was there; her husband is the Coldstream Guards' regimental adjutant, and son of the Charles Forbes of Callendar

—The Autumn Oaks Meeting

Left: Mr. Michael Weaver is a barrister and has lately been adopted Conservative candidate for Workington, Cumberland

Mrs. Gerald Wellesley was at Lingfield, all in dark blue. Her brother, Peter Ball, has just married Cherry Pinckard, who went out to New York for her wedding

Mr. and Mrs. John Goodenday

Left: the Goodendays were at Lingfield, too. He is the "silk-stocking king." His attractive wife is now in Ireland, staying with Lady Charles Cavendish

Mr. Ian Orr-Ewing and Miss Jasmine Bligh were at Lingfield together. She's one of the B.B.C.'s television hostesses and he designs television scenery

At Fontwell Park

Right: Mr. John Underwood and the Hon. Ursula Mills, the Hillingdons' second daughter, did a Monday's racing at Fontwell Park

Bordon Hunter Trials

Miss Molly Magor and the Hon. Mrs. Turner, Lord Alvingham's daughter, sat on an Oxney Farm fence together

Fayer of Vienna

Mr. Michael Gillilan and Miss Grizel Fyfe

Weddings of the Week

Mr. R. Lakin and Miss Pamela Jackson-Taylor

Mr. A. C. Uniacke and Miss Sybil de Winton

Fayer of Vienna

Mr. Derek Adams and Miss Beatrice Baker

Michael Gillilan and Grizel Fyfe were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. He is the second son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gillilan, of Great Bowden, Market Harborough; she is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Fyfe, of Cambridge. They are honeymooning in Northern Italy

Richard Lakin, son of the late Edward Lyon Lakin and nephew of Sir Richard Lakin, Bt., of Ready Token, Cirencester, married Pamela Jackson-Taylor at Chelsea Old Church. She is the seventeen-year-old daughter of Major and Mrs. P. S. Jackson-Taylor, of Knightsbridge

At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Derek Butler Adams, elder son of the late Leonard Adams and Mrs. Adams, of 48, Portland Place, W.1, married Beatrice Margaret Baker. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Baker, of 53, Montagu Square, W.1

Anthony Cecil Uniacke, second son of Major and Mrs. C. D. W. Uniacke, of Whitegates, Camberley, and Sybil de Winton, second daughter of the late William de Winton and the Hon. Mrs. de Winton (Lord Kensington's sister), were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

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Howard Marshall on Rugger

Prospects for the Varsity Match

PAUSE awhile before you put your money on the result of the Varsity match. You may think that an Oxford victory is a stone-cold certainty, but wait until you have seen Cambridge. And if you have not seen Cambridge already, I warrant you will be surprised.

It may be, of course, that the Cambridge form against the Harlequins was too good to be true, but there were certain indications that Cambridge may shape into a very formidable side. For one thing, the Cambridge forwards worked, and it cannot be said, even by the most perfervid Cambridge supporter, that Cambridge packs of recent years have shown much propensity to honest scrummaging.

It seemed to me that C. D. Laborde, the Cambridge captain, had come to the admirable conclusion that, since Cambridge have lost so many great players behind the scrummage, they should at least set about their team-building upon the only sound foundation, which is old-fashioned, honest forward play. And how good the Cambridge forwards were in the loose, moreover, with the quick heel from the loose scrum as their speciality.

THE surprising thing about this Cambridge side, though, is the excellence of the backs. I could write a panegyric about their tackling—Roden's in particular—but their liveliness in attack was equally impressive; and if J. G. S. Forrest does not turn out to be a clinking good centre, I am very much mistaken. S. T. H. Young was promising at full-back, and in J. D. Low and T. A. Kemp, Cambridge seem to have a very likely pair of half-backs. Low played better against the Harlequins than ever he did last year.

It was interesting to note, by the way, that when Cambridge beat the Harlequins, they were greeted by a chorus of adulation, whereas Oxford, winning more decisively in their first match against the O.M.T.'s, a very awkward side to meet, were damned by faint praise. And this is quite important, for Oxford are expected to do great things; whereas Cambridge have everything to gain and nothing to lose, and the psychological balance is all on the side of Cambridge.

OXFORD, at any rate, appear to have a remarkable full-back in H. D. Freakes, a freshman from South Africa, and their forwards should shake down into one of the finest University packs of recent years. The Oxford team, in fact, is pretty well cut and dried, though M. McG. Cooper will not hesitate to make drastic changes if he is not satisfied. And certainly Oxford will not fail for want of thoroughness, for Cooper is a tremendous enthusiast, and a knowledgeable one at that.

ONE of the main problems with University teams is to avoid staleness. The average club side, with one game a week, and perhaps an occasional practice, does not run the same risks, but the University programmes are heavy and often not too well arranged, and most days of the week the players are being put through their paces. What is more, there is a mental strain about fighting for a place in a University side which is mighty wearing, and the captain who hopes to have his men at the peak of condition for the great match in December has a difficult job before him. Cambridge, as a matter of fact, look as if they were almost prepared to meet Oxford right away, for I never saw a fitter side at this period of the season, and that is not altogether an unmixed blessing.

We may, at any rate, anticipate the Varsity match this winter with relish. Last year a game of the highest promise was spoilt because Cambridge could not scrummage, and so failed to give their brilliant attacking division any chances; while Oxford, securing the ball, were slow at scrum-half, and altogether too cautious to attack incessantly. This time I am hoping to see two packs who know what scrummaging means, and as a result, some really constructive football. And I am willing to wager that there will be a record crowd at Twickenham.

Kent Beat Eastern Counties, 16—3

R. C. A. Brandram (Blackheath) and F. St. G. Unwin (Rosslyn Park), captains respectively of Kent and Eastern Counties in the first of the South-eastern division matches for the County Championship. Eastern Counties only scored a try against Kent's penalty goal, drop goal, and three tries

TALKING of crowds, have you noticed that wherever Cardiff play nowadays, with Cliff Jones and Wooller in the side, there seems to be a return to the old days of Welsh football? Eighteen thousand spectators turned up for the Newport match; twenty thousand for the Swansea match; and so it goes on. Just shows you, doesn't it, the importance of personalities from the hon. treasurer's point of view? I only hope the enthusiasm will be maintained, for it is good to see the game getting such a fillip in South Wales.

I AM beginning my rounds of county football now. Rather a dreary business, to my mind, though I admire enormously the enthusiasm of the officials and players. But somehow the football is so rarely even interesting. Already this season the one dull, poor match I have seen was a county match, and this may be accounted for by the fact that in the County Championship we have scratch sides playing in games where the result is too important, and the combination of these two factors is fatal. Still, we must allow that the County Championship is extremely popular in the Provinces, and it may be that I shall have cause to revise my own opinion before long.

THE battle of the stand-off halves is going to be keen this year. P. Candler, England's choice last winter, seems to be in good form for Bart's; W. Elliot is playing well for the United Services, though there are those who say he still has a tendency to kick rather too often; and now Peter Cranmer, following out the sound principle of trying every drink once, is winning matches for Richmond at stand-off half.

Cranmer has played wing for Richmond and in the centre also this year, so that he bids fair to be the super general utility man. I don't suggest that he is a serious candidate for the stand-off half position in the England team, for he will doubtless be needed in the centre. My point is, though, that I am glad it is the selectors' job, and not mine, to find the man who is to start England's attack.

A Surprise Victory: Cambridge Beat Harlequins, 16 points to 11

A Cambridge forward gets the ball from a line-out in the Twickenham match against the Harlequins; the University's victory (two goals, one penalty goal, one try to one goal, one penalty goal, one try) over the previously unbeaten 'Quins augurs well for the match on December 8th against the powerful Oxford side

This England . . .

Near Midhurst, Sussex

FORGOTTEN is Summer's riot of colour; greys and sad browns—'gainst which the scented wood-smoke seems so brightly blue—alone are left us for a wistful pleasure. And yet . . . and yet, in coppice and hedgerow, deep in the strong warm earth are stored the flames and glories of summers past and summers yet to come. Just so is stored for you the rich golden food that is barley, the tonic health that is the flower of the hop, in the glowing Worthington that lightens "the winter of our discontent."

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Women's Golf

Worplesdon

By Eleanor E. Helme

Dogs Are a Feature of Worplesdon

Miss M. W. Robertson Durham, fresh from leading East Lothian to victory in the Scottish County finals, played at Worplesdon with L. G. Crawley. She is with Miss Betty Elliot, whose dachshunds they are nursing

Dear Bystander—

I suppose my colleague John Morrison will write you about Worplesdon too, and I suppose he and I ought really to have drawn up a plan of campaign beforehand, just as the eminent gentlemen do who debate for us at the B.B.C.

But the truth is that I haven't the vaguest notion what Mr. Morrison is going to say, or even what he thought about it all, for what with the dogs whose leads you didn't want to trip over, and the people you had to dodge between to see shots, and the shots themselves, there was no time for talk at Worplesdon. It was the biggest crowd ever, the most dogs, of most varied breeds (perhaps they were supposed to make up for the dahlias which were not this year), and certainly one of the best matches I ever remember there, meaning the one in which Miss Wethered and Mr. Coke got home with a 3 at the 18th from Miss Dorothy Pearson and Captain Stevens.

But on the whole, the play seemed to me to lack the sparkle of some years, and beyond dispute the final was the poorest golf for many years. And it wasn't the fault of the men. (There, Mr. J. M., you didn't think I'd say that, did you?). Mr. C. J. Anderson played like a hero, and so, at pretty frequent intervals, did Mr. Coke; whereas Miss Wethered was frankly naughty a good many times, and Miss Dorrit Wilkins never struck the form that has won her two consecutive Essex Championships, and which took her unbeaten through County Finals of 1935.

Why the golf was not so good all through the week as in other years is quite beyond me to say. The course has never been better, nor the weather. Perhaps partnerships were badly assorted. The old tradition of Worplesdon is that Miss Wethered and Miss Leitch were the only ladies who could drag a weak man through; it appears now that, give our leading ladies a strong man, and they cannot themselves be dragged. Look at Miss Enid Wilson and Mr. Noel Layton; Miss Pam Barton and Mr. Francis Francis; Miss Phyllis Wade and Mr. Gardner; Mrs. Garon and Mr. Storey; Miss Newell and Mr. Pennink. What could have seemed much stronger than those pairings?

Miss Barton's side was beaten by Mr. and Mrs. Beeson. You remember Mrs. Beeson used to be Jean Forsyth, always suspected to be about to win the Girls' Championship. That was not long ago, and she has remained an extremely attractive golfer, with a sound support in her husband. His second shot to the 18th, to win the match when they had lost all their once comfortable lead, was a masterpiece. They went out in the afternoon to the Yorkshire Champions, Mrs. Rhodes and Mr. Kyle; but they had done enough for fame.

Then look at Mrs. Garon and Mr. Eustace Storey, as promising a pair as you could wish. After beating Miss Wade and Mr. Gardner, they went down to Miss Dorothy Pearson and Captain Stevens. Or Miss Diana Fishwick and General Critchley, with all sorts of honours in France, beaten by the uncanny steadiness and putting of Miss Julia Hill and Sir Basil Eddis.

But it is wearisome to speak of tussels individually, or even to recount separately the great shots that Miss Wethered and her partner, or Miss Wilkins and hers, played. The question I ask myself after watching Miss Wethered, is "Why is she better than anybody else?"; and then, put in more concrete form, "What is there in the swing to get her results? What's the secret?"

Now it was a singular coincidence—unless the Editor of the *Great Thoughts* tear-off calendar is a golfer, who realised months ago that Friday, October 16th, would be Worplesdon Final, and that in all probability Miss Wethered would be contesting it—but anyway, wandering round the breakfast-room where I was staying at Worplesdon, I came on this quotation on the calendar aforesaid: "Concentration is the secret of success." I forget the rest of it, or who the wise man was who wrote it, but then and there I thought of Joyce Wethered. Time and again she played shots with big risks at vital moments—her seconds on to the 12th and 18th against Miss Pearson, for example—and, apart from mere technical perfection of striking, she was doubtless able to play them only because she could force herself to think only of hitting the shot, and not of the possible consequences if she missed it; nor of the precarious position the side was in. Other golfers distract themselves with a hundred questions; for her, only the ball, the clubhead, and the green exist. That is concentration.

As to the mere mechanics of her swing, besides the perfect timing, which surely means the exactly right relation of downward to upward pace, I believe her control of the ball is imparted very largely by the pace at which the clubhead moves. I mean, the longer the shot, the faster the club travels; the shorter, the slower. There were some delicate little chips; the club went back at the very slowest of paces, and the shot went dead. I haven't had time yet to see if the theory works; but it will be interesting to prove—or disprove.

At all events, her golf thrilled the crowd as nobody else's did, and if this is her last appearance at Worplesdon as Joyce Wethered, there will, of course, be just as big a welcome for her there as Lady Heathcoat-Amory, which she is to become early in January.

If Miss Dorrit Wilkins was a little overweighted in the final, who could blame her? She did not do herself justice, nor produce the really splendid golf she had played all the week; but nor have many other good golfers in like position.

Yours ever, Eleanor E. Helme.

Worplesdon Foursomes: Runners-Up

C. J. Anderson and Miss Dorrit Wilkins found themselves up against the invincible Joyce Wethered, partnered by the Hon. T. Coke, in the finals of the Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes; Anderson's fighting golf staved off defeat until the sixteenth green

Ladies' Parliamentary G.A.: Tied Winners

Lady Romilly and Lady Betty Butler tied with Mrs. C. Hill-Wood and the Hon. Mrs. Lomax in the afternoon foursomes of the Ladies' Parliamentary G.A. at Ranelagh. Lady Romilly, playing from 19, won the flag competition in the morning

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J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The Worplesdon Final

THE name "Miss Joyce Wethered" has been—or will very shortly be—inscribed on the Challenge Cup for the Worplesdon Mixed Foursomes for the eighth and last time, but we all, I am sure, hope that she will play in this tournament for many years to come under another name.

This year Miss Wethered had more narrow escapes than ever before, and was by no means unfortunate to win. It was some consolation to the average golfer to see that even the great Miss Wethered can be nervous, can play really bad shots and have the dithers on the putting green like ordinary mortals. In the final, with the Hon. T. Coke as partner, she beat Miss D. Wilkins and C. J. Anderson by 3 holes up and 2 holes to play. The Hon. T. Coke is a very good player; he has a handicap of one, holds the record of a seaside links and has represented Eton in the Halford Hewitt Cup tournament, and no player who is not a decidedly good golfer has ever played for Eton at Deal.

Miss Wethered's partners are usually supposed to be no good at all and supposed to have to be pulled through by the scruffs of their necks by their illustrious partner. These suppositions have seldom been true, and most certainly were not in the case of Coke who, like everyone else in the tournament, made some bad shots but who, unlike many, made ample amends for them by playing numerous extremely good ones and by some very sound and safe putting when things were going badly for his side.

C. J. ANDERSON was, without any doubt, the hero of the match, and it was very unfortunate for his side that he had hardly any putting to do; he played, as far as I can remember, only one bad shot; namely, the second shot to the long 15th hole, and he had some excuse for doing so, as he obviously, perhaps unwisely, thought that the opposition would get home in two shots and, in trying to do the same, had a tremendous press with the usual result.

One could not help feeling very sorry for Miss Wilkins; she was obviously extremely frightened by the importance of the occasion, and looked nearly as white as her collar and must have hated every moment of the final.

I HAD never seen Miss Wilkins play before but I had heard from a reliable source that she was rather a short player, who makes up for her lack of length by extremely accurate play near the green and by good putting. Everyone I saw agreed that she is the least strong lady golfer to reach the final of this event, but there can be no doubt that she is a very much better player than she appeared to be in the final. Nervousness was, without question, the cause of her disappointing display. Nearly all her long shots were slightly cut, and if I related how many holeable putts, some of them of awkward length, she missed, I am doubtful whether I would be believed and, by the irony of fate, she had to do practically all the putting for her side. Nevertheless, she must be a good putter as a rule, but she does one thing which hardly any good putter does: after taking the club-head from in front to behind the ball, she looks at the hole again, instead of keeping her head still and striking the ball. Miss Wilkins has no need whatsoever to feel despondent about her play in this final, as she is by no means the first lady golfer who has found it impossible to produce her normal game when playing shot for shot with Miss Wethered, and she most certainly will not be the last.

THE golf generally in the final was extremely bad. If you are generous enough to concede Coke a putt of about three feet on the 7th green, both sides were out in 41 strokes, and the match was square. Coke's side took three putts on the 2nd, 4th, 5th and 8th greens, and missed a short one on the 6th, and these excesses were chiefly due to errors by his partner. If either side had played anything approaching steady golf, it would have had the match won, bar miracles, by the turn in the morning.

IT was quite certain to those who had ever seen Miss Wethered play, that her bad play was sure to stop at any moment, and it did so after the 13th hole. Miss Wethered's side was one down playing the 13th, and the unexpected result of this hole changed the whole aspect of the match. At this hole Miss Wilkins hit a bad tee shot and cut it into the bunker on the right of the green; Miss Wethered then hit a worse into the same bunker, but much further from the hole; Coke just got out, then Anderson got out to about three yards from the hole. Miss Wethered now holed from well over ten yeads, a cruel blow to Miss Wilkins, who missed, and found that the two up which had appeared likely had, in actual fact, become all square. After this lucky putt, Miss Wethered was a new woman, and played nothing but nearly perfect shots for the rest of the round.

Her side had the worst of the last three holes before lunch, and only managed to snatch hard halves by getting down in one putt after lovely chip shots by the lady. Coke's side was round in approximately 80, and must have considered itself extremely lucky to be two up, when it might so easily have been in an absolutely hopeless position.

After lunch, Miss Wethered's side played steadily for seven holes, and was two up; bad tee shots then cost it the 8th and 9th holes, but from here on, the winners did nothing wrong, bar three putts on the 13th and 16th greens, and won by three holes up and two holes to play.

IT is just as interesting to watch bad golf as good golf, and certainly more amusing, but there was in this match little excitement, as after the 13th hole the winners never appeared to me likely to be in danger of defeat. After the 10th hole in the afternoon, when the match was square, I was asked what I thought the result would be, and replied correctly, "Miss Wethered will win by 3 and 2." My friend said he could not agree with me, and that it was anybody's match, and would certainly go to the 35th green.

I do not think he can have seen Miss Wethered play as much as I have.

For the Eighth Time

Miss Joyce Wethered won the Worplesdon Foursomes Cup—the Duke of Sutherland presented it to her and her partner, the Hon. Tom Coke. The final did not produce very good golf, and at times it looked as if Miss Dorritt Wilkins and C. J. Anderson were going right ahead but, as usual, Miss Wethered produced the right stroke at the right time; she and Coke won 3 and 2

Oxford Lost to Stoke Poges, Eleven Matches to Seven

P. G. Foster and R. C. Twining, both of Christ Church, won their foursome against E. N. Mobbs and H. C. Neilson in the morning, by 3 and 2; in the singles, Mobbs beat Foster, but Twining beat R. L. Sykes. The Stoke Poges match was Oxford's first this season

Norman Mitchell-Innes (B.N.C.), who is with the Oxford secretary, K. B. Scott (Trinity), captained the Oxford XI. at Lord's, and is now in charge of the University golf side. He and Scott led off in the morning, to lose to Cyril Tolley and A. J. Cane

OVERHEARD AT THE SHOOT:

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The Latest Liners for World Air Routes

By Charles Ward

The New African Route

SOME time next year, when more of the Empire flying-boats are ready, a change will be made on the African air route. From Alexandria to Kisumu on Victoria Nyanza, the halts will be the same as those at present, but southwards, the old land-plane route will be deserted for one following the coast. Between Kisumu and Mombasa there are several lakes of large size, after which the harbours at the principal East African ports will become the stations on the line. Durban is to be the southern terminus for Imperial Airways, an operating company from the Union taking over mails and passengers at this point. When Sir Alan Cobham took the original "Singapore" flying-boat through Africa nine years ago, he did not strike the coast until reaching Beira. This was the survey flight that determined the possibility of using boats over the entire route. By avoiding most of Central Africa, the handicap of high-altitude aerodromes is overcome and the coastal line serves the territories south of the Equator in the same way as do the steamship services. Martlesham Heath figures of performance for the first of the new flying-boats confirm the makers' tests—top speed is just below 200 miles an hour at a loaded weight of nearly 20 tons. The most important feature for the passenger, however, is the extreme comfort of this air liner, which has proper sleeping accommodation for sixteen and can seat twenty-four during the daytime. The schedule to South Africa is 4½ days, an objective that will be reached at the end of 1937.

Up from Somerset! The latest Westland two-seater, which is in production for the R.A.F. and will be used for co-operation with the Army. Its particular job, known as Art.Obs., involves reconnaissance and spotting for the Gunners

The Hindenburg Line

WHATEVER views we may hold about airships, it is a fact that the Germans know how to build them and we must admit they operate their gasbags most efficiently. The "Hindenburg" has made its tenth North American trip, following a pre-arranged time-table that allowed two to three days from Frankfurt to Lakehurst and two to two and a half days for the return flight. Average time for the journey was sixty-six hours westward and fifty-five hours to Europe when helped by the prevailing push wind. The average speed is high—81½ miles an hour—and the best time for 3750 miles, just under forty-three hours. The crossing to Ireland from the American coast was completed on one occasion in 16 hours, 53 minutes, about the time taken by Alcock and Brown making the first Atlantic crossing by air in a Vickers

(*Concluded on page* vi)

FIFTY years ago, a true democrat, eyeing the difference between the clothes of one class and those of another, might have sighed for the time when all men would be similarly garbed. Now, his sartorial dream is realised; the masses and the man of breeding all wear, broadly speaking, the same type of clothes.

But because the differentiations are today more subtle, they play an even stronger part in the social scheme. The man of taste can always recognise his own class by one glance at their clothes. In fact a gentleman—to use a much abused word—will only wear clothes that have the style and quality that distinguish them from the mass-produced imitation.

Style in clothes can only be imparted by hand labour. The old process known as 'log' hand tailoring is still employed by all first class firms: skilled journeymen, carefully trained, sit cross-legged on the board and sew by hand, moulding as they do the style into each individual garment. This process is today extremely expensive, and for that reason you cannot buy a suit of good material, hand sewn according to the West End 'log' for less than ten guineas.

In such an atmosphere of old established method, it seems almost an anachronism to have adopted "Lightning" fasteners as the normal fitting in place of buttons on trousers. Yet this, too, is in the traditions of good tailoring, for the resultant line is cleaner and more artistic. Men of taste therefore accepted them as being fit to take their place in well built clothes, of the type that serve to differentiate between themselves and the uninitiated masses.

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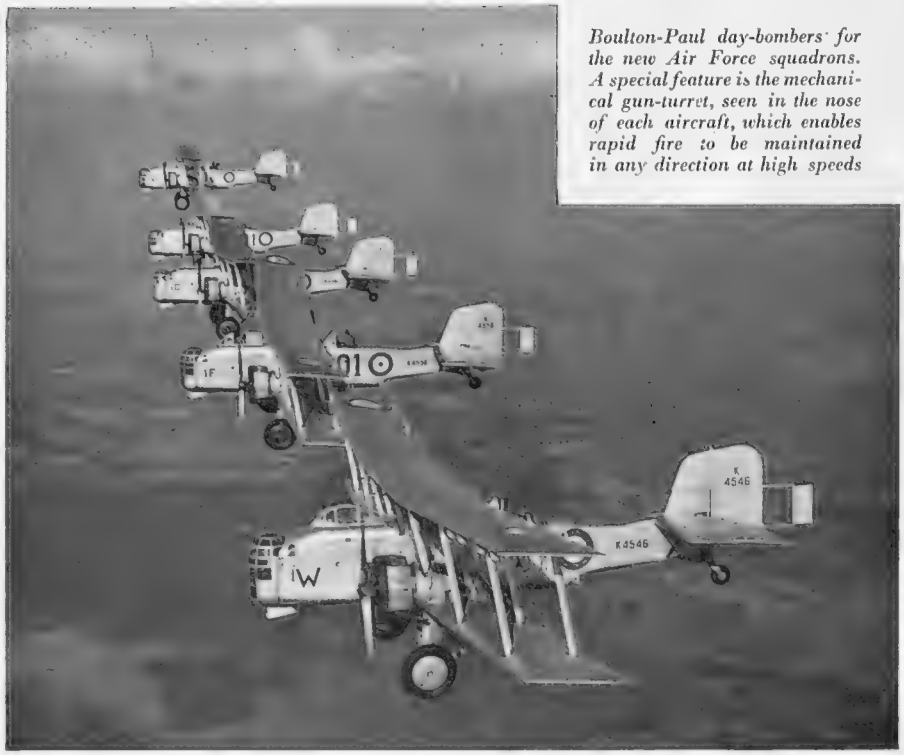
Liners for World Air Routes

(*Continued from page* iv)

"Vimy." The berths have been oversubscribed on every trip; in fact, accommodation has been increased from fifty to seventy-two passengers. Of course, the "Hindenburg" doesn't pay. It has a crew of fifty-five to cope with its seventy-two passengers. But the point of interest is that it is good for propaganda and gives a tremendous fillip to the morale of the German people. Everyone else in the world has given up airships as too dangerous or too slow for public transport, yet they are proving the contrary. Since the beginning of March, the "Hindenburg" has flown the equivalent of six times round the world, and started last Wednesday on her fifth trip to South America! We shall need our altitude records, our fast, comfortable flying-boats, our efficient engines, and last but not least, our slowly-expanding Air Force to convince the world that we are not to be ignored or shot at from the air.

For the Air League

UNDER the able direction of Air-Commodore Chamier, the Air League took on a new lease of life some three years ago and has proved by results that it has a very definite place in the flying life of the country. Being non-political and independent of the trade, the League appeals to everyone, and support for its work comes from the subscriptions of members. Some of the advantages of being a member are free air travel insurance for £1000, a monthly copy of the *Air Review*, a 100-page magazine, the use of the library, financial assistance in learning to fly and in renewing an "A" licence, all of which seems a good return for an annual subscription of £1. The League deserves more support from the general public, which stands to gain a great deal from a strong Air Force and an efficient civil reserve, the main "planes" in the programme of this body. During the past three years, Empire Air Day, the occasion for the public to get together with the flying people, has resulted in a gain to aviation charities of £14,000. The Young Pilots' Fund has put £10,000 into circulation by helping 200 young men who could not have afforded the tuition fees without some assistance.



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Charles E. Brown

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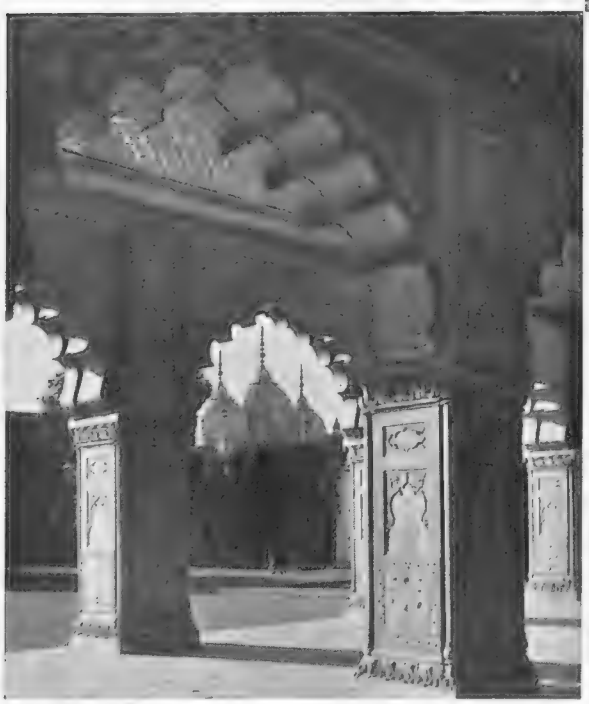

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Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them."

We can best remember them by offering the hand of friendship to their comrades who survived, so many thousands of whom, because of sickness or because they are growing old, are today in dire need of help.

Please help the British Legion to help these men and their families by giving as generously as you can for the Poppies you will wear on

POPPY DAY Nov. 11

DONATIONS will be welcomed, and these should be addressed to the local Poppy Day Committee, or to: Captain W. G. Willcox, M.B.E., Organising Secretary, Earl Haig's British Legion Appeal Fund, 29, Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7.
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The New Riley "Falcon": By The Earl of Cardigan

One expects a Riley to be good-looking, and with the 1½-litre "Falcon" one is certainly not disappointed. The car is beautifully proportioned, with very graceful lines

The efficient overhead-valve engine is of distinctive design, although familiar enough to those acquainted with Riley engineering. The annual tax incurred is £9

The Riley has a four-speed gear-box of the pre-selective type. It has also an automatic clutch, so that the driver can stop and re-start without using any controls other than the brake and the accelerator

On the 1½-litre chassis, the Riley "Falcon" is a car which is rightly gaining in popularity among owner-drivers. It comes into the 12-h.p. class, and therefore is able to carry very comfortable coachwork, while being quite economical to maintain.

Being a Riley, naturally it is uncommonly good-looking. I am inclined to think that the Riley designers excel chiefly through their admirable sense of balance and proportion. They seem able to produce graceful cars at will, either in the present streamline form, or in any other style which may happen to be in demand. At the same time, comfort is never sacrificed to mere appearance. The interior of the new "Falcon" coachwork is positively luxurious. An excellent feature from the driver's point of view is that the design enables both front wings to be easily visible. This is nowadays a great rarity, and accordingly should be appreciated

As to performance, the overhead valve engine is really lively, and has a vigorous capacity for acceleration. It indulges in high "revs," and seems to

(Concluded on page x)

No other Cigarette can so justly be said to meet the tastes of the great majority as Player's. Of course, "It's the Tobacco that Counts"; also in size, packing, and all desirable features Player's predominate.

FROM EVERY POINT OF VIEW

Cars with a Personality

(Continued from page viii)

revel in doing so. The faster it turns over, the more smoothly and happily it runs. A steady 60 m.p.h. can be regarded, from the mechanical point of view, as quite an easy cruising-pace. The maximum speed is a good 70 m.p.h., and I was able to reach 50 m.p.h. in third gear on a decided up-slope.

The Riley transmission is of real interest. A four-speed pre-selective gear-box is employed, in conjunction with an automatic friction clutch. The latter is like an ordinary clutch, except that it is designed to withstand more frequent "slipping," and can operate without any aid from the driver. When the engine is speeded up, it engages itself, and disengages again whenever the car—and hence the engine—is sufficiently slowed down.

One obvious advantage of this is that the engine can never be "stalled" inadvertently. Another is that, even with the wrong gear engaged—*e.g.*, top instead of first gear—the car will move off readily, although, of course, with less than the normal rapidity, as soon as the engine is accelerated.

ROAD-HOLDING is excellent, and the springing combines resilience with a proper degree of firmness. The brakes and steering-gear act lightly, but with definite efficiency. The catalogue does not exaggerate when it seeks to justify the slogan about "owning a Riley and driving with Confidence." It would be difficult, in this car, to feel other than confident.

Right: the seating is extremely comfortable, at the back no less than in front. The driver has the very rare advantage of being able, while sitting thus, to see both his front wings

Below: the luggage boot, even when closed, is of useful capacity. When left open, it will accommodate really large articles. The spare-wheel housing can be opened separately

A final attraction, which is very topical just after the Motor Show, is that the price is now reduced by £20. The 1937 model costs only £315.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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OCTOBER

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Address .....

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The new B.J. "Esse" heating stove, pictured above, has been specially designed for the modern home. It is simple and economical to run and, by burning continuously day and night, it maintains an even temperature

Modern Aids to Comfort

The Art of Keeping Warm

COLD is something which everyone, in England at any rate, has to contend against during the winter months, yet it is surprising how ignorant many people are as to the correct way of warming a room. Surrounded by cold air and possibly draughts, they crouch over a small fire and roast their feet and legs, while their backs remain stone cold. In the same way, we have all experienced the discomfort of staying with friends in a country house and finding a roaring fire in the drawing room, but no trace of warmth in the bedrooms and passages. In order to avoid illness, it is essential to maintain an even temperature throughout the house. This can be ensured by the installation of an anthracite stove which provides a gentle, healthy heat, permeating even the walls. Simple to operate, clean and very economical, the modern continuous burning "Esse" stove incorporates every device for heating. There are models to suit every type of house, bungalow or flat, and they can be fitted in the existing grates. The "Esse" is entirely smokeless and requires attention only once every twelve hours. A good place for it is in the hall where it will radiate warmth throughout the entire house, and so eliminate the danger of burst pipes during frosty weather.

A New Type of Stove

NEEDLESS to say there are numerous different types of "Esse" heating stoves, including the B.J. model which is an entirely new design incorporating a number of improvements. The fuel falls from a hopper, the bottom opening of which is towards the back of the fire chamber, thus avoiding the necessity of introducing front bars to keep the anthracite away from the mica. The products of combustion pass through a circular tube from each side of the stove to the back nozzle, which means there is a greater radiating surface than was previously possible. With regard to internal parts wearing out, the risk of this is reduced to a minimum. The air inlet has also been improved, and as the fire chamber of the stove is in one piece, there are no joints from which cement can fall to affect steady burning. The average consumption if good quality anthracite is used works out at a rate of 15 lbs. for every twenty-four hours slow burning. This amounts to approximately sixpence, though cheaper fuel will also prove satisfactory. The B.J. "Esse" stands 30¼ inches high, is 24 inches wide and 12 inches deep. For further details, application should be made to Smith and Wellstood, the proprietors of "Esse" stoves, 63, Conduit Street, W.1.

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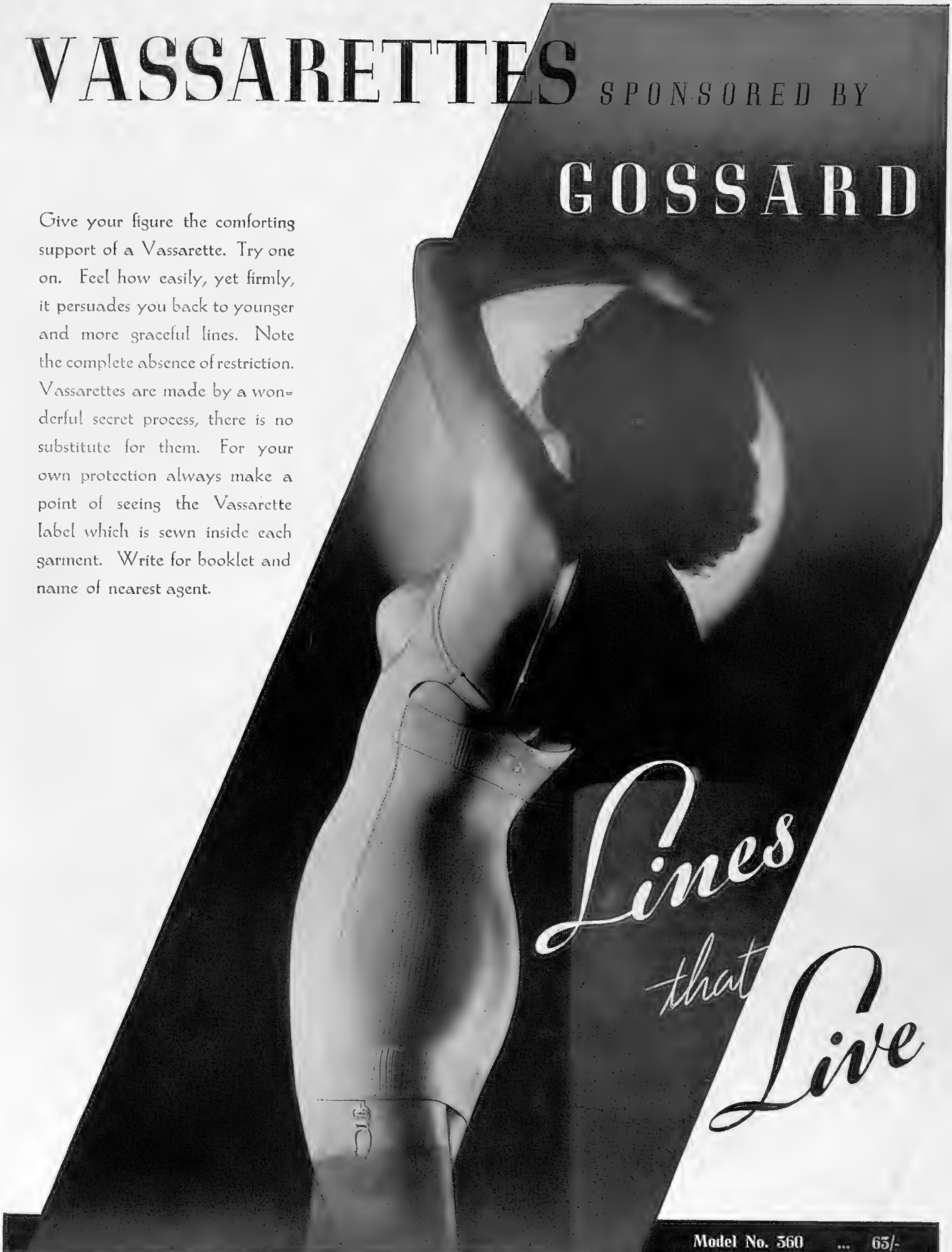

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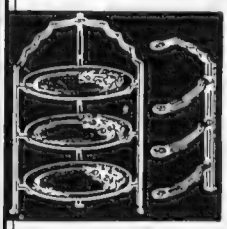

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What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

October 28 — November 3

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively entertainment from polished acting of a polished plot (by Rodney Ackland). An impecunious family and its Micawber-like hopes have Mary Clare and Peter Godfrey to interpret: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—A thriller of the best type, alive to its last kick; Ralph Richardson, as the amazing doctor in pursuit of psychological data, gets tangled into an amusing bunch of crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play seems a fixture and deserves a second visit to see Harold Warrender as a charming loafer and Lucille Lisle trying to convert him to work: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CHARLES THE KING.—Fine historical piece of a royalist flavour; Barry Jones as the Martyr King, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies as the Queen, George Merritt as Cromwell; lovely décor by Motley: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE COMPOSITE MAN.—Ronald Jeans' light touch and witty dialogue turned to a satire which they almost fit; Richard Bird and Diana Churchill lead convincingly: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE COUNTRY WIFE.—Wycherley's comedy revived with a wonderful cast, headed by Edith Evans, Ruth Gordon, Ursula Jeans, Ernest Thesiger, Alec Clunes: Old Vic, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

JANE EYRE.—The Brontë novel in Helen Jerome's adaptation makes a fine play; Curigwen Lewis as Jane is beyond praise, Reginald Tate is an impressive Rochester: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MADEMOISELLE.—Madge Titheradge in the name-part is brilliant, set off by skilful acting on the part of Greer Garson, Isabel Jeans, and Cecil Parker in Deval's powerful family character play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MARIGOLD.—Revival of the charming Scottish comedy with Sophie Stewart in the lead, Jean Clyde and Walter Roy: Royalty, 8.30 (not Mon.). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY.—Last three days of this lovely production of a lovely (Turgenev) play, with Gillian Scaife acting subtly, Dennis Arundell and Cecil Trouncer: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Successful transposition of Jane Austen to the stage, still running well with Celia Johnson, Athole Stewart, and Barbara Everest: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TILL THE COWS COME HOME.—Comedy with a social significance; Leslie Banks as a public man on holiday; also Adrianne Allen, Marjorie Fielding and Marcus Barron: St. Martin's, 8.30.

WHITEOAKS.—This fine play by Mazo de la Roche is about a family dominated by its grand matriarch (Nancy Price); full of humanity: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello (the author) and Dorothy Dickson head a sprightly cast and vast chorus in a story which adequately holds a succession of grandiose scenes together; also Walter Crisham and Zena Dare: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DESERT SONG.—Revival for a limited period of this fine romantic musical with Edith Day, Clarice Hardwicke and Harry Welchman in their original parts: Coliseum, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

GOING PLACES.—Vivian Ellis' revue goes slow in places, but American June Knight is a great hit, and Arthur Riscoe is good: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LET'S RAISE THE CURTAIN!—Kurt Robitschek's "variety-comedy-revue-opera" has a big cast and a lavish choice of entertainment types: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

O-KAY FOR SOUND.—Riotous revue with plenty of knockabout humour by Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox: Palladium, 6.20 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

OVER SHE GOES.—Slapstick to music, with Stanley Lupino, Laddie Cliff and Adèle Dixon to make it go: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 83.—Pearl Hackney and Ivor Beddoes give a "Blues" ballet, there 's a ship figurehead tableau, monologue by Paddy Brown, and—Revudebelles: Windmill, 1.20-11.30, non-stop.

SWING ALONG.—Louise Browne, Leslie Henson, Fred Emney and Zelma O'Neal in a musical as funny as *Seeing Stars*; Henson especially in great form: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS 'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE.—Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, and a gaily-coloured chorus lead a no-plot musical with success: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TRANSATLANTIC RHYTHM.—Felix Ferry's big American revue seems to have settled in, with Lupe Velez, Lou Holtz, and the sprightly Buck and Bubbles: Adelphi, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—Gay romping piece which pokes gentle fun at Victoriana; music and scenery delightful, Gertrude Musgrove and George Benson stand out in a strong cast: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Straightforward comedy with honest-to-goodness laughs reliant on a situation rather than wit; Robertson Hare is a dentist; Alfred Drayton and John Mills back him in fun-making: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play is the longest unbroken runner in town, with clever acting by Owen Nares and Fay Compton in a St. John's Wood family-life comedy: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Big-size thriller, generous in cast and effects; Gordon Harker and Jack Hawkins lead; well entrenched at the Prince's: 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FUGITIVES.—A typical and topical Hackett play; rapid, improbable and convincing, it sweeps Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle and Phyllis Dare through personal adventure and national revolution: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LAUGHTER IN COURT.—Ridiculous plot does not put any strain on the witty dialogue which is unrolled to perfection by Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire and Edmund Breon: Shaftesbury, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams' gruesome character play, with a new cast (Esmond Knight, Vivienne Bennett and Charles Mortimer), is at the Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING TIDE.—Overwhelmingly optimistic, this piece showers good fortune round the stage, upon landlady Louise Hampton and her brood of lodgers; go to be cheered up: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Franck and Bridie's cheerful satire on Scottish officialdom deserves its long run; don't miss Sara Allgood or Roger Livesey at the head of an amusing cast: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

ALL-IN MARRIAGE.—Postponed first night of American-Canadian comedy with Cora Goffin, Harcourt Williams and Violet Farebrother: Comedy, Wed., 28th.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL (transfer).—Robert Speaight still acts Becket in the T. S. Eliot play, but the settings are new: Duchess, Fri., 30th.

THE WILD DUCK.—Ibsen's great tragedy, with Marius Goring, Alan Napier and Ruth Wynn-Owen: Westminster, Tues., 3rd.

CINEMAS

CRIME OVER LONDON (British).—Gangsters come to town: Rene Ray and Bruce Lister get involved, also Paul Cavanagh and Margot Graham: London Pavilion.

DEVIL TAKE THE COUNT (American).—Freddie Bartholomew, Mickie Rooney, Jackie Cooper—all boys together Empire.

DODSWORTH (American).—From Sinclair Lewis's novel with Walter Huston and Ruth Chatterton in the lead: Tivoli.

THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN (American).—Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll together for the first time in a Chinese bandit thriller: Carlton.

THE GOLDEN ARROW (American).—Bette Davis as a poor little rich girl in a story by Michael Arlen, with George Brent and Eugene Pallette: New Gallery.

THE GREAT ZIEGFELD (American).—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's giant biographical spectacle stars William Powell, Myrna Loy and Luise Rainer, and is lavish to suffocation: Hippodrome, 2.15 and 8.15.

MAYERLING (French).—Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux in an effective version of the tragedy of Rudolph of Austria: Curzon, Thurs., 22nd.

ROMEO AND JULIET (American).—Magnificent production by Thalberg; Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard, miscast as the lovers, act splendidly; John Barrymore makes a fine Mercutio: His Majesty's, 2.30 and 8.30.

SHOW BOAT (American).—The splendid, colourful, musical Paul Robeson-Irene Dunne vehicle from Edna Ferber's book: Marble Arch Pavilion.

SINGENDE JUGEND (Austrian).—Heroes of this attractive film are the famous Vienna Choir Boys; here is pleasure for the really musical: Academy.

SWING TIME (American).—The newest Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers; plot less than ever but dancing and music fine: Regal.

THE THREE MAXIMS (British).—Circus-life film with flying trapeze thrills and triangle by Leslie Banks, Tullio Carminati and Anna Neagle: Leicester Square.

VALIANT IS THE WORD FOR CARRIE (American).—Gladys George, Arline Judge and John Howard in a pot-boiler: Plaza.

Premiere

RAMONA (American).—Loretta Young leads in a technicolour version of Helen Hunt Jackson's Red Indian novel; premiere in aid of the Royal Waterloo Hospital: Piccadilly Theatre, to-night, 28th, 8.45.

OPERA AND BALLET

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SADLER'S WELLS:

DIE FLEDERMAUS.—To-night, 28th, 8.

LOHENGRIN.—Thurs., 29th, 7.45.

THE HAUNTED BALLROOM, CASSE-NOISETTE (Act 3), JOB.—Fri., 30th, 8.30.

AÏDA.—Sat., 31st, 2.30.

DIE FLEDERMAUS.—Sat., 31st, 8.

LES RENDEZVOUS, PROMETHEUS, LES SYLPHIDES.—Tues., 3rd, 8.30.

MUSIC

Recitals

SZIGETI.—Queen's Hall, Sat., 31st, 3.

LAMOND.—Wigmore Hall, Sat., 31st, 3.

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PICCADILLY CIRCUS

Getting

The "Bystander's" Review of

Penny — Robinson

W. Leslie Penny, son of William Penny, of Sidcup, Kent, and Christine Ella Robinson were married at Christ Church, Wanstead. The bride is the daughter of Sir Sydney and Lady Robinson, of Woodside, The Drive, E.18; her father has been M.P. for Chelmsford and Walthamstow and is an Essex Alderman

Orr — Limpenny

Cecil Orr, only son of the late H. H. Orr and Mrs. Orr, of St. Helen's, I.O.W., and Patricia Limpenny, younger daughter of Engineer Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Limpenny, of 1, Bina Gardens, S.W.10, were married at Brompton Oratory

Finlay — Tainsh

A. P. Finlay, son of the late Thomas Finlay and Mrs. Finlay, of Armagh, Ireland, and Morag Ramsay Tainsh, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Ramsay Tainsh, of 25, Courtfield Gardens, S.W.5, chose All Soul's, Langham Place, for their wedding

Spencer-Nairn — Chadwick

Robert Frank Spencer-Nairn and Caroline Isabel Chadwick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Chadwick, of Calgary, Canada, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. The bridegroom is the youngest son of Major Sir Robert and Lady Spencer-Nairn, of Leslie House, Fife

Hanbury — FitzRoy

Major Reginald H. O. Hanbury, 15th/19th Hussars, eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. Lionel Hanbury, of Hitcham House, Burnham, Bucks., and Esmé Leila Gertrude FitzRoy, elder daughter of C. D. FitzRoy, of 157, Cranmer Court, S.W.3, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Atkins — Standish

John Spencer Atkins, third son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. E. C. Atkins, of Stretton House, Hinckley, Leics., and Monica Lucy Standish, second daughter of Mrs. W. P. Standish, of The Manor House, Meonstoke, Hants., were married at St. Andrew's, Meonstoke

Blackie — Adlercron

Christopher J. M. Blackie and Pauline Adlercron were married at Heydour, near Grantham. He is the younger son of the Bishop of Grimsby and Mrs. Blackie, of The Precentory, Lincoln, and she is the daughter of Brig.-General and Mrs. Adlercron, of Culverthorpe Hall, Grantham

Thompson-Royds — Hodgson

Christopher S. B. Thompson-Royds, Royal Scots Fusiliers, son of Mrs. Gilbert Thompson, of Kirklington Hall, Bedale, Yorks., and Yolande Anne Hodgson, daughter of the late A. T. Hodgson and Mrs. Hodgson, of Fritham Cottage, Lyndhurst, Hants., were married at Netley Marsh, Hants.

Married :

Weddings and Engagements

Cowper — Martin

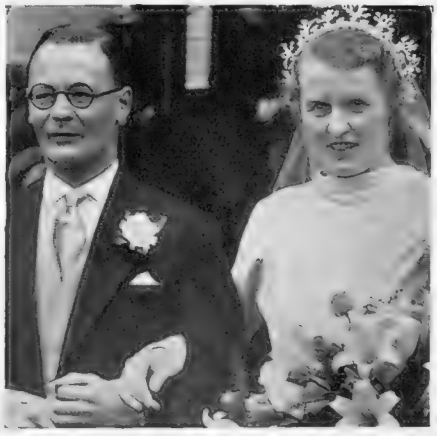
John Maitland Cowper and Pamela Audrey Martin, daughter of H. R. C. Martin, Richmond Herald, F.S.A., and Mrs. Martin, of Bedford, were married at Westminster Cathedral. He is the son of the late Maj.-General Maitland Cowper and Mrs. Cowper, of Leasant Place, Cardington, Beds.

Symons — Hulbert-Powell

John Simon Symons, R.H.A., married Dorothy Hulbert-Powell, daughter of Canon and Mrs. C. L. Hulbert-Powell, of Burrell's Field, Cambridge, at Great St. Mary's, Cambridge. He is the son of Brigadier-General and Mrs. A. Symons, of 23, Overstrand Mansions, S.W.11

Coryndon — Bennett

Peter Coryndon and Sheila Bennett had a St. Martin-in-the-Fields' wedding. He is the youngest son of the late Sir Robert Coryndon, and Lady Coryndon, of Pucks Croft, Rusper, Sussex ; she is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. G. Bennett, of Billingshurst, Sussex



Cornforth — Foden

A Staffordshire wedding took place in London when Guy N. Cornforth, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Cornforth, of Rugeley, Staffs., and Ruth Foden, were married at Holy Trinity, Marylebone. The bride is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E A. Foden, of Brocton Hall, Stafford.

Blunt — Van de Putte

Richard D. H. Blunt, second son of Sir John Blunt, of Huntleys, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, married Elizabeth Fransen Van de Putte, daughter of Commander Fransen Van de Putte, Royal Dutch Navy (ret.), and Mrs. H. C. Smith, of Oak Cottage, Much Hadham, Herts.

Mackintosh — Phillips

Robert Donald Mackintosh, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mackintosh, of Storrington, Sussex, and the Argentine, and Barbara Isabel Phillips were married at Chelsea Old Church. She is the daughter of the late Dr. Llewellyn Phillips, Court Physician to the late Sultan Hussein of Egypt, and Mrs. Phillips, of Cairo

Riddle — Johnson

Hugh Joseph Riddle, son of Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Riddle, of 80, Elm Park Gardens, S.W., and Joan Claudia Johnson, daughter of the late Claude Johnson and Mrs. Archibald Douglas, of 35, Elm Park Gardens, were married at the Church of the Holy Redeemer, Chelsea

Battiscombe — Timberg

Captain C. R. Battiscombe and Karin Timberg were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. He is the son of Lieut.-Colonel C. Battiscombe, of Banksfoot, Caversham, Berks., and she is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. Timberg, of Forshem, Reading, and Devonshire Place, W.1

Getting Married

(continued)

Pearl Freeman

Barbara Susan Harding

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Harding, of Brackenwood, Leatherhead, Surrey, and is engaged to Flying-Officer John Henry Cyril Beard, only surviving son of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Beard, of Linton, Ferndown, Dorset

Catherine Bell

Gwendolen Rawes

Is engaged to Augustus Jacobs, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. C. Jacobs, of Heathfield, Sussex; she is the elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Leslie Rawes, of 41, Rosary Gardens, S.W.7

Bassano

Aileen Hogg

Is the daughter of the late Major H. M. Hogg and Mrs. Alexander, of Alverstoke, Hants.; she is engaged to Richard Headlam Keenlyside, elder son of the late Captain G. F. H. Keenlyside and Mrs. Keenlyside, of Beaminster, Dorset

Catherine Bell

Dulcinora Cook-Stephan

Is the daughter of Mr. H. J. Cook-Stephan, of Cape Town, and Mrs. Cook-Stephan, of 20, Cadogan Court, S.W.1, and is engaged to Alan Picton, of Ashfield, Hawkhurst, Kent

Bassano

Pamela Graham

Is engaged to Reginald Holdsworth Pontifex, youngest son of the late Lionel Pontifex and Mrs. Pontifex, of 57, Evelyn Gardens, S.W.7; she is the only daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel B. R. Graham and Mrs. Blois-Johnson, of Hollycombe Wood, Liphook, Hants.

Pearl Freeman

Grace Evelyn May Bose

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bose, of 2, Darnaway Street, Edinburgh; she is engaged to Julian Leonard Adrian Ornstein, only son of Mr. and the late Mrs. Leonard Ornstein, of 7, Aberdeen Court, W.9

Pearl Freeman

Beryl Clarke

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Clarke, of Woodland Grove, Weybridge, and is engaged to Charles Richard Rumboll, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Rumboll, of 3753, Avenida Nacional, Devoto, Buenos Aires

Bassano

Phyllis Welch

Announces her engagement to George Kenneth Morris, of Nsawam, Gold Coast, second son of Mr. and Mrs. James Morris, of Birkenhead; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Welch, of Yaffingales, Esher, Surrey

Swaine

Elizabeth Frances Thornton

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Feilding Thornton, of Berkeley, Glos.; she has announced her engagement to Ronald Walter Graham Kerr, elder son of Professor and the late Mrs. Graham Kerr, of Daly Veed, Barley, Herts.

Bassano

Winifred Bowen-Colthurst

Is the eldest daughter of the late Captain Robert Bowen-Colthurst and Mrs. Colthurst, of Vernons, Wakes Colne, Colchester; she is engaged to Captain T. P. D. Scott, Royal Irish Fusiliers, only son of Lt.-Gen. Sir T. E. and Lady Scott

Bassano

Kathleen Ellis

Is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. W. R. J. Ellis, of Minden, Camberley, and is engaged to Ralph Walter Littlehales, elder son of the Rev. C. G. and Mrs. Littlehales, of Allensmore Vicarage, Hereford.

Hay Wrightson

Patricia Fuller

Announces her engagement to Dr. Seton Campbell, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Seton Campbell, of Tatsfield, Surrey; she is the younger daughter of the late Capt. William Fuller and Mrs. Charles Carington, of Ladder Stile Cottage, Kingston Hill, Surrey

FELICITY and JOYCE

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY FELICITY TO JOYCE IN PARIS

The School House,
——shire.

Joyce my dear,

Many thanks for the letter packed with all your Continental news. I hope School news won't sound too dull, but I know you will be frightfully excited to hear that . . . . . .

By the way, now you're a full-blown Art Student you won't develop the sandals and smock and big bow tie effect, will you my dear . . . Personal appearance before art every time, my child . . . Talking of clothes — you remember when you last wrote me you said that you didn't mind if I had the same pink frock that Mummy chose for you or the beige one either—now Mummy says she thinks it will be foolish, because she will very probably bring me over to Paris for the Christmas hols. and we can't go about looking like twins! So this Half Term we've been doing a bit of shopping and she's chosen me a lovely taffeta and also a little velvet dinner frock —believe me, my child I'll look just as grown-up as you do . . . between the two of us I think we'll be able to set Paris alight as far as clothes are concerned . . . .

Write me again soon and tell me all you're doing. All the 'Sixth' gasp with excitement when your letters arrive.

Yours,

Felicity

. . . and these are the frocks that Felicity's mother chose

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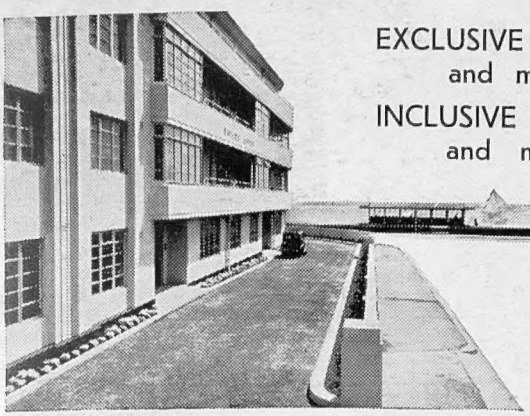

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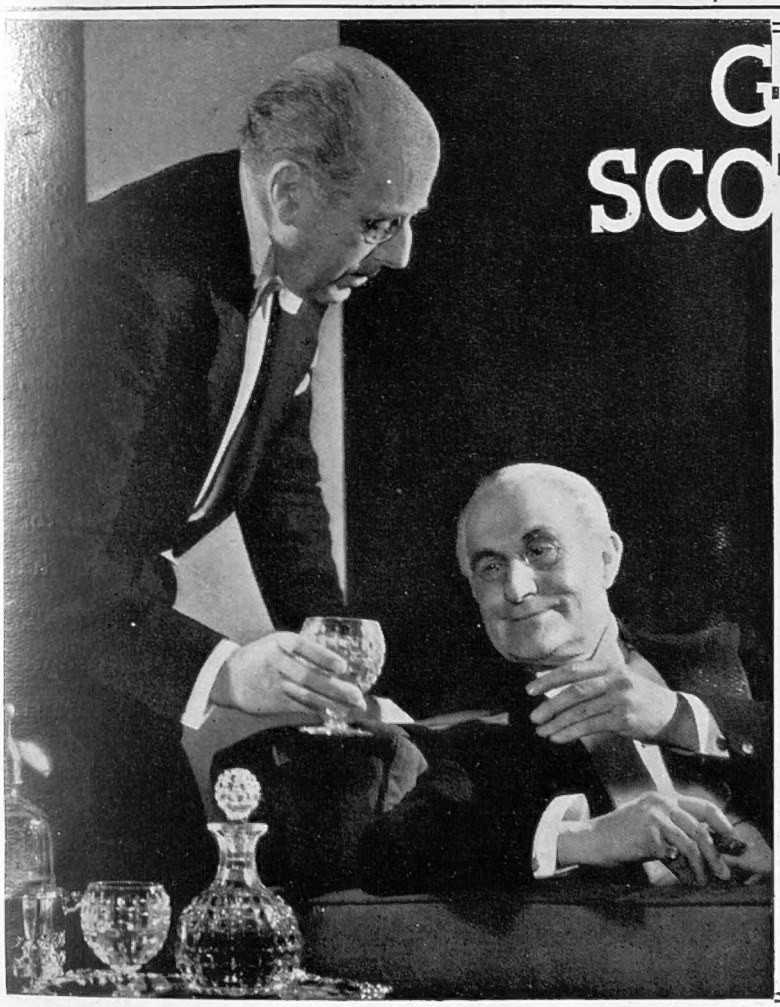

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Within a few weeks the first Christmas mails will be leaving, and no doubt you will wish to send to your many customers and colleagues overseas an expression of goodwill and friendship. The form it should take may be a perplexing problem for you, and in this connection the Publisher of The Illustrated London News begs to offer a suggestion. It is one which has been adopted by a number of firms in recent years with very gratifying results. The plan is to allow us on your behalf to send to all your overseas customers and friends a copy of The CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. This doyen of Illustrated Newspapers is known and appreciated in every country of the world . . . and the Christmas Number makes a personal gift full of the spirit of Yuletide in the Old Country. This year's issue is especially fine and is accompanied by a presentation plate entitled "GOOD COMPANIONS" from the painting "James Alexander Simpson when a Boy," by Arthur William Devis.

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